THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

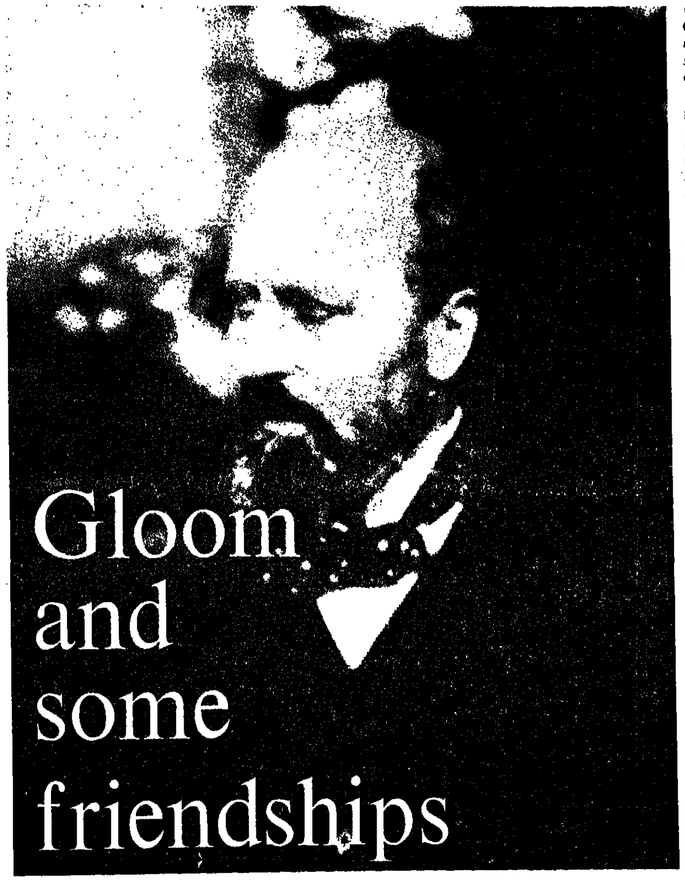
T·L·S INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

T·L·S THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY 30 OCTOBER 1969 · No. 3,531 · ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

N EDEL · *Henry James.* The Treacherous Years. 1895-1901. 432pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £4 4s.

· Bodley Head Henry James. Volume VII. *The Wings of the Dove.* 488pp. Bodley Head £2 8s.



ks, HOW LONG? Heaven knows when you originally planned to write a life of Henry James. Your two books about him, one in [illegible]able French, you remember, [illegible] from Paris in 1931. Your prematerial magnum opus opened with volume on the youthful, "untried" [illegible] in 1953; it was to be the first three. You kept us on tenterhooks for a decade before putting out two volumes on the maturing James in 1962-63, confusing all librarians and biographers by mixing up your [illegible]—Volume II, 1870-81 (American edition), 1870-83 (British edition); and Volume III, 1882-95 (American edition), 1884-94 (British edition). You promised, or your publishers did, a positively last appearance with a fourth volume on "the Master" at the height of his mastery and in decline to the O.M. and the grave.

And now it is 1969, near first anniversary of the Henry James chair at New York University—now you produce Volume IV, foreshadowing the mastery but not the decline, and you bid us patiently await yet another positively final volume. You have teased us as James teased poor Maud Broughton with his narrative parachutings. "But wait, dear lady, wait—see where I'm coming out—he appears, as I say, this loud from Stratford. . ." (Shakespeare, no doubt. Have you been fair to us? Have you been fair to James?

You have, you know, though it poses conjecture how you could have known it. When you embarked those years ago on what was to become, in modern journalistic jargon, a Marathon Odyssey—netting a Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award, and other honours on the way—you cannot have foreseen to what strange lands, to what wild shores of love, it would lead you. And we, now that we begin to see where you are coming out, can forgive our past impatience and forgive you.

It is an especial merit of Dr. Edel's biography that he has built it up piecemeal as he has gone along. He has drawn upon evidence contemporaneous with the events described, from anticipating fate or seeking assurance in events yet to come. The personality of the young James is not projected through the lens of an analyst of the fully matured man: the novelist and stylist has been allowed to develop as, or very early as, his readers throughout his lifetime have watched him develop.

This is not to say that the biography fails to plant clues that he will later follow up—life does that for us in any case—or that he is a slave to a theory of "chronicle biography". Far from it. In one of his published lectures Dr. Edel has illustrated what he calls, "the scenic mood" by his treatment of Emerson in Volume II of the present work. In James's earliest childhood years, the two met at infrequent intervals, in Europe as well as in America. A strict chronicler would record in order the times and places of such of the meetings as could be documented. In 1887, five years after Emerson's death, James published an essay on him, a "portrait" occasioned by the chance circumstance that J. E. Cabot's *Memoir* had just appeared. Neither that date nor the precise but irrecoverable occasions of the childhood encounters can have any biographical significance, but somewhere along the line the influence upon the younger man of his father's friend, the sage of Concord, must be defined.

Midway along the line, in 1870, Dr. Edel happens upon a single, undeveloped allusion in a letter—"I spent lately a couple of days with Mr. Emerson at Concord, pleasantly but with slender profit"—happens, happily, on the time and the place and Mr. Emerson all together. There results one of those many short chapters in which the biographer, cutting into the margins of chronology, brilliantly miniates persons, groups, relationships, even localities, that are at once integral yet subsidiary to his main narrative. In the present volume, as one of many examples, John Addington Symonds is introduced with James's postscript, written in French on the envelope, to a letter to Edmund Gosse (a letter written in English) about the trial of Oscar Wilde: "*Quel dommage—mais quel bonheur—que J.A.S. ne soit plus de ce monde.*" But more of that later.

We learn more of Dr. Edel's biographical method from the introduction to his latest volume. Here he replies to some of his critics, "chiefly those in the academic world". The difference between him and the critics appears to arise from their preference for what he calls the irrelevancies of daily life over—again what he calls—"the essential keys to character and personality".

> The physical habits of the creative personality, his "sex life" or his bowel movements, belong to the "functioning" being and do not reliably distinguish him from his fellow-humans. What is characteristic is emotional life and the way in which the emotions dictate other elements and mysterious forces aiding—the exercises of the demonstrative and symbol-making imagination. A writer of novels and tales, in particular, in the act of creating universal works, is at the same time telling us personal parables about himself.

And he cites Thoreau: "Poetry is a piece of very private history, which unostentatiously lets us into the secret of a man's life." The quest for this secret is, for Dr. Edel, the justifiable aim of literary biography. "All the rest is gossip and anecdotage."

Gossip and anecdotage about James especially in his later years, have been abundant in the memoirs of his acquaintances. A whole book based on them twenty years ago crystallized, if ironically, the legend of "the Master". From this kind of portraiture Dr. Edel implicitly dissociates himself. What others said of James has its incidental interest. What he revealed of himself, knowingly in his letters or unknowingly in his fictional writings—"an inescapable use of the buried materials of life and experience"—these are the threads out of which Dr. Edel has woven a biography of, as even the most seasoned academic critic must recognize, outstanding virtuosity. Granted Dr. Edel's self-imposed terms of reference, the blend of documented facts (irrelevancies ?) and psychological deductions (fancies ?), above all in this fourth volume—eminently the most penetrative and persuasive of the series—comes as near as could be hoped to revealing "the secret of the man's life", as many distinguished (non-academic ?) critics have testified.

The "trencherous years" of the title start with the trauma inflicted on James by the failure of his five years' assault on the theatre. They end when this habitual dweller in bachelor apartments or flats, this clubman and weekender in aristocratic mansions, acquires for the first time a real home of his own, at Lamb House, Rye. Dr. Edel tells again at length the story of the fiasco of *Guy Domville* (how much he has learnt, of fact, in interpretation, and in narrative technique, since his graduate thesis, *Les années dramatiques*, of 1931 !), a fiasco the more hurtful for the simultaneous triumph of the upstart Oscar Wilde. We then have a series of flashbacks to the years immediately before *Guy Domville*, partly derived from newly discovered sources and partly designed to link the self-revealing short stories of the early 1890s, when James wrote no novel for five years, with the productions of the second half of the decade.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Letters include John Lehmann on Woolf and the Hogarth Press, Milan Kundera on the English translation of 'The Joke', and Our Reviewer on the Greek Colonels 1258

The relevant stories fall into two groups, one concerned with the disappointed ambitions of the middle-aged, mostly authors or artists, and the other with children of neglectful parents or little boys dying "because they assert their claim to live". The relevance of the first group to James's biography needs no emphasis: in the second he is shown to be constantly harking back to his own childhood as the father-dominated junior of a forceful brother, physically, and so emotionally, unfit to go to the wars - as his still younger brothers went to the American Civil War. The attempt to break away from the novel and to break into the theatre was an attempt to break away from the past into a utopian future. *Guy Domville* was more than a first-night fiasco: it was, in James's own word, heartbreak: it was failure. However much he sought to blame the philistinism of the playgoing public, he could not escape the knowledge that the failure was his, not theirs. Later he recognized that the failure was foredoomed: he did not have it in him. At the time he reached his spiritual nadir.

Yet not all was gloom. There was compensation in friendships and in the recognition of his gifts by intellectual equals, if neither by the playgoing nor the fiction-reading publics. True, Stevenson had died shortly before *Guy Domville*, and long before his time, and du Maurier died not long after: Dr. Edel is at his best, at once subtle and straightforward, in indicating to a few pages the evidences of James's feeling for Stevenson and his attitude towards Stevenson's fatesome widow. Brief chapters explore James's relations, all a little ambivalent, with Elizabeth Robins the actress, Mrs. Humphry Ward the novelist, Edmund Gosse the tattler, and others; his French confrères Maupassant, Daudet and Bourget flit across the scene: the Dreyfus affair arouses in him the nearest thing to political passion he is capable of. He visits Ireland, staying with the Viceroy in Dublin Castle and with the commander-in-chief at Kilmainham Hospital. An emigrant from America, never wholly at home with the social stratifications and inequalities of the British way of life, he is profoundly shocked by the vicereal court—"the sense of the lavish extravagance of the castle with the beggary and squalor of Ireland at the very gates", "a strange and monstrous bite of demoralization and trivolity"—and as profoundly impressed by the probity of Garnet Wolseley, the hospitality of Lady Wolseley, and the soldierly deportment of the "charming and wholesome" young subalterns. James, says Dr. Edel, though self-described as a man of peace, was happier among soldiers than among courtiers.

The greatest consolation, before the century was out, was of course *Lamb House*. But this was only reached at the end of a long period of depression and spiritual illness. The years on either side of his moving to his haven in Rye were those of a succession of novels and stories which provide the most striking of Dr. Edel's excursions into the Jamesian psychology.

* * *

Returning from the accursed theatre to his proper métier as novelist, between 1896 and 1899 James published in succession *The Other House*, in which Effie, aged four, is murdered; *What Maisie Knew*, Maisie being about six; *The Turn of the Screw*, in which Flora is eight and Miles, who dies (it was the boys, not the girls, who had died in the earlier stories), is ten; and *In the Cage* and *The Awkward Age*, in which the principal girls are adolescent, moving into adulthood. All these young people were in one way or another victims of the self-seeking and obtuseness of their elders, or found their education in observing the same phenomena. Dr. Edel does not believe that the rising age-graph was present to James's mind, but he sees it as significant. He relates it, not only to what is known from extraneous sources about James's childhood, but to the autobiographical revelations, in *A Small Boy and Others*, of his fears and timidities, his, as it were, travestying himself as a small girl among the more masculine others with whom he grew up. The small girls of fiction, on this theory, "emerged out of a personal healing process" during the treacherous years. James himself is quoted as describing the "workings-out" of his stories as "the dear old blessed, healing, consoling way".

Much of this might seem far-fetched—were there not so much of it. There are analogies within and without the plot of one of James's earliest and most naive stories, *Watch and Ward*, written in his twenties, and that of *The Awkward Age*, one of his more sophisticated novels, written in his fifties. As soon as he had married off the adolescent NORA to a man old enough to be her father, James left home for Italy (1869): as soon as he had handed over NANDA ("we pause over the associative recall of the names") to a man old enough almost to be her grandfather, James left home for Italy (1899). Two coincidences? Very possibly. But cumulatively such "associative" factors, and they are traceable throughout James's life and writings, cannot be ignored.

Life, too, can engineer its own fortuities. It was on the later of these Italian visits (1899) that the author of *Roderick Hudson* (1875)—that novel about an aspiring young American sculptor with a studio in Rome—visited the Rome studio of a real-life aspiring young American sculptor, Hendrik Andersen. An associative recall of names here? Dr. Edel notes merely a similarity of sound. It is not made clear whether it was Dr. Edel or James himself that observed other coincidences—that Henry J. and Hendrik A. shared the same Christian name; that they were born in the same month; that an earlier Henry, alias Hendrick, is commemorated in the name of the river that watered James's home town, the River—wait, dear reader, see where we are coming out—the RIVER HUDSON! Another link, perhaps, at least in James's conscious or subconscious apprehension, was that the middle-aged author and the youthful sculptor were both second sons overshadowed by elder brothers. Furthermore, not long before he left for Italy James had written a parable ("The Great Good Place") about an elderly author, weighed down by cares, who dreams of retreat into a monastic community and is restored to waking life and contentment by an admiring acolyte: the story contains echoes of *Roderick Hudson* and also, as Dr. Edel puts it, distinct homo-erotic overtones.

However all this may be—and here we must choose our words with especial care, or let James choose them for us—the middle-aged author almost immediately conceived for the young sculptor an "affectionate friendship", a friendship that was to be expressed in letters beginning with phrases like, "Dearest, dearest boy, more tenderly embraced than I can say", containing an injunction to "lean on me as a lover", or ending, "Your terribly tender old friend". Here we reach a tide-mark, one foot on shore and one in sea, on a wilder shore of love than anything that Dr. Edel's earlier volumes had prepared us for.

It is Dr. Edel's thesis that, in the years between *Guy Domville* and the end of the century, James in his novels about children was all unknowingly experiencing the same cathartic self-analysis as Freud, deliberately, scientifically, and at the same time, was demanding from himself. He was exorcizing his private demons by writing about them. The completion of this series of novels signalled the order of release. Only because he to some extent came to terms with himself was he able, at nearly sixty, to write the masterpieces of "the major phase"—*The Wings of the Dove*, *The Ambassadors*, *The Golden Bowl*.

James had had affectionate friendships with younger men before Andersen. There had been the author and publisher Woolcott Balestier, to whom Kipling also was emotionally attached. And after Andersen came others, some of them—notably "Beloved little Hugh" Walpole—of acknowledged homosexual bias. (Dr. Edel for the first time prints, without endorsement—"gossip and anecdotage", via Walpole's old enemy Somerset Maugham—the story of an advance by Walpole to the now elderly James, an advance repulsed, according to one oral tradition, with "Si vieillesse pouvait!") For the most part these acolytes had a profession in common with their high priest: they aspired to write. Not so the sculptor—"the heroic young master of the grand style", the Roderick Hudson style—who appears, between the lines of James's own letters, to have been no sort of intellectual companion for his elderly admirer.

* * *

Not long ago Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde, in a letter to the *TLS* (May 15) sought to scotch the canard that James was homosexual. He wrote as a close relative, "from intimate family knowledge", seeking to allay possible distress on the part of other relatives. (As an acknowledged authority on the trials of Oscar Wilde it is not to be supposed that there was felt distress on his own part.) Mr. Hyde believed that no evidence known to himself or, he said, to Dr. Edel could support what he seemed to think might be regarded by others as a discreditable allegation. We can only deduce that he was out of touch with the development of Dr. Edel's ideas in the interval between the latter's third and fourth volumes. The subject is treated in Volume IV with exemplary candour and detachment.

James's understanding of what he called Symonds's "manic pouring" in *A Problem in Ethics* (1891), published when he sketched Symonds in "The Beltraffio", is beyond question. So is his reaction to the exposure of Oscar Wilde: human history, in its squalid tragedy, but still a piece of human history. The long prevalent idea that publicity had driven Wilde to the extremity of suicide, or at least to sign a petition on his behalf, takes on a different colour in Dr. Edel's documentation. James was appalled by Wilde's "sentence, but argued that, in the court of public opinion, a petition of intellectuals would not have the effect on the authorities that would best be helped by a quiet sure on the Home Office. From a first-hand account from a member of Parliament of Wilde's imprisonment in prison, the author of *The Wrecker* and *Guy Domville* said of the author of *The Importance of Being Earnest*: "The masterpiece might be yet to come." James passed no moral judgement on Symonds or Wilde. From the level of mere information, the level of human behaviour was now the level of personal involvement? In and after life did James attain the wisdom of consummation?

The question posed by Dr. Edel whether the verbal parallelism of the letters was "acted out" is a question, "if relevant", that "cannot be answered. We do not know". And he concludes with a quotation from Gide's apropos of Madame de Charrière and Benjamin Constant: "Probably the character of their intercourse abundantly clear; technically, inquiry would be incongruous."

Of the later acolytes we expect to hear more in Dr. Edel's Meanwhile some hint of the nature of the catharsis may be gleaned from Dr. Edel's introduction to the volume in that prettily designed series, the Bodley Head James, *The Wings of the Dove*, has made a timely appearance as though to supply Christmas with advance lectures on this earliest to be published of the novels of the major period we are told, "James's first time in all his fiction he believably of the sexual life of his hero". Where will the novels of the major period and his percipient biography lead us out? And when shall we know to know?

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Unrepresentative ambassador

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH: *Ambassador's Journal*. 656pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4 4s.

For Professor Galbraith the Kennedy years were "a gay and rewarding interlude in our history". Like most who enjoyed the President's friendship, he sees November 22, 1963, as the abrupt end of an all-too-brief golden age. Yet his book is not just another contribution to the Kennedy legend. Professor Galbraith is far too intelligent to become an "I was there" bore. Moreover, for the greater part of the period covered by *Ambassador's Journal* he was not "there" but outstationed as American Ambassador in Delhi, where life, though full of interest, was hardly as "gay and rewarding" as in Washington or New York. This enabled him to take more distant and more objective views than some of the President's other aides, of the policies the Administration was pursuing.

These views, together with accounts of his official duties, records of his restless travels and recollections of his random thoughts, formed the subject matter of the journal that this indefatigable man produced—consciously enough, one imagines, for the benefit of posterity. Its publication enables us to follow, with an interest that only occasionally flags, the day-by-day thoughts of a highly distinguished mind, whose possessor temporarily occupied a position from which he could at least hope to influence the course of world events. Those who know Professor Galbraith, either personally or through his other writings, will expect much of *Ambassador's Journal*, and they are not likely to be disappointed.

Professor Galbraith is distinguished not merely for his massive knowledge and powerful intelligence but for a perceipience and discrimination that one does not always associate with the American intellectual. These qualities, which are combined with a witty and incisive style, do not always endear him to his countrymen. One can hardly imagine that Dean Rusk, who became one of Professor Galbraith's bêtes noires, will read this book with much enjoyment; nor will the author have made a life-long friend of the anonymous gentleman, a delegate to the World Medical Conference, of whom he writes the following passage:

> One doctor told me how he had been trying all day to get to see Bill Weathersby of the USIS and wished now to mention the problem to me. The problem: "The message of democracy is not getting across in this country." His evidence: he was able to buy quite a few Communist pamphlets around town. I explained to him that this was because all of our literature was so much in demand you couldn't buy it.

His wit, however, is not exercised exclusively at the expense of stupid Americans. Duncan Sandys, another of his bêtes noires, gets quite a lashing, and there is the following delicious account of a conversation with the Duke of Windsor:

> "I hear you are going to India", said the Duke. I *affirmed the possibility*. "A most interesting country", he said. "I had a very good time there in my early youth. You must do the pig-sticking in Rajasthan." I tried to look like a man who could take pig-sticking or leave it alone and murmured that I had heard good things about the pastime in those parts. "Oh, it's excellent", he said. "And you will find the people most agreeable in their own way. They have been most uncommonly decent to me of late."

Despite some ill-health, frequent headaches, and attacks of insomnia which seemed to reach almost neuro-tic proportions, Professor Galbraith clearly enjoyed being American Ambassador. He is not a modest man (though, for form's sake, he occasionally goes through the motions of being one) and appreciates to the full his V.I.P. status. Half, and perhaps more, of his personality remained firmly detached from his official persona. From time to time one can hear him talking to himself, "Galbraith, you fraud." This delightful ambivalence, which is the common experience of any sensitive and intelligent person who suddenly undergoes a sharp rise in status, gives the *Journal* a piquancy which places it in a class well above that occupied by the more toffee-nosed memoirs with which connoisseurs of the genre are all too familiar.

Was he a good ambassador? He was certainly very popular with the Indians, and as near to bottom-slapping terms with Nehru as any foreigner—or indeed any Indian, apart from Krishna Menon—could get. He liked India, and was probably better informed about its affairs than any of his fellow ambassadors in New Delhi. He concerned himself with the efficient organization of his Embassy, and went to great pains to ensure that the members of his staff understood their responsibilities. Yet as a *representative* he may have been less than ideal: for he was constantly at odds with the State Department in Washington, an organization whose personnel (with a few outstanding exceptions) he despised and whose policies he deplored. Liberal to the point of radicalism, he had major communications difficulties with those whom he regarded as relics of the Dulles era. Often, one feels, he was more interested in spiking the State Department's guns than in helping them to shoot more accurately. In his personal letters to the President, here reproduced with a few tactful excisions, he took advantage of his friendship with Kennedy to promote his personal policies as distinct from the official ones. It is difficult to avoid the feeling that despite the well-known and accepted role that personal relationships play in the making of American policy, he was here going well beyond the duties that an American Ambassador is normally expected to perform.

Yet there can be no doubt that, on most issues, he was right and the State Department was wrong. His opposition to the bullet-headed militarists and professional anti-communists with a predilection for associating the United States with "sound" but worthless Asian regimes has been fully justified by subsequent events. Indeed, his dicta on this and allied subjects show a remarkable percipience as well as a characteristic articulateness. Here, for instance, is a passage from his letter to the President, dated September 19, 1961:

> When I wake up at night I worry that in our first year of office we will be credited with losing Laos which we did not have, losing East Berlin which we did not have and losing East Germany which we did not have and (touchy point) with failing to persuade the world that Formosa is China. As an extreme idealist I am in favor of lost causes. But I wonder if we should lose our lost causes more than once.

Sometimes the academic takes charge and he expresses his views by way of lapidary generalization. Thus, in another letter to the President:

> Machiavelli warned weak princes against joining with strong ones. In my forthcoming revision of his work, I will warn all strong states against weak ones. Since weak states are weak the strong state gets no added strength out of its alliance. But the weak state can use its stronger ally *for its own purposes*. Since the state is small and weak its purposes will be small and undignified. To these the large state becomes a party and such is our present fate. From the Portuguese to General Phoumi our indigent allies are principally concerned with how to use the U.S. to promote their puny affairs. On Vietnam, he was positively prophetic. He did not, to his subsequent regret, "urge a prompt pull-out", but he foresaw the present morass with utter clarity. Again in a letter to the President, he wrote:

> Politics is not the art of the possible. It consists in choosing between the disastrous and the unpalatable. I wonder if those who talk of a ten year war really know what they are saying in terms of American attitudes. We are not as forgiving as the French.

It is now some seven years since he wrote these words.

Professor Galbraith's finest hour occurred towards the end of 1962, when the border affrays with China erupted into full-scale war. As, at this time, Washington's attention—for very good reasons—was almost exclusively concentrated on the Cuban Missiles, which brought the world to the brink of nuclear warfare, the United States Ambassador in India was more or less on his own. For once, Galbraith was able to *make* American policy; and he made it very well. Only momentarily did he waver in his correct judgment that the objects of the Chinese did not go beyond giving the Indians a bloody nose as a punishment for intransigence and asserting their right to continue the two-year-old de facto occupation of Aksai Chin. *Limited* military assistance to India, therefore, was all that the situation required, and this had to be put in train without frightening Pakistan more than was strictly necessary. Professor Galbraith managed this very delicate situation with great aplomb. That he had less success—in fact none at all—in his efforts to mediate between India and Pakistan can hardly be counted against him. Politics, after all, *is* the art of the possible.

As a contribution to the history of this obscure episode, the *Journal* contains one item of major importance. It is well known, by now, that Nehru abandoned non-alignment to the extent of asking the Americans for air cover. What is new is the revelation that, on January 5, 1963, M. J. Desai, the Secretary of the Indian Foreign Office, expressed willingness "to work with the United States both politically and militarily in the rest of Asia". This wrote Professor Galbraith in the most extraordinary understatement of the whole book, "is a *quid pro quo* for our assistance and quite a remarkable advance". That Nehru's own thoughts were "moving in this direction" is also reported, though whether the Prime Minister had said so to Professor Galbraith himself or had conveyed the message through Desai is not made quite clear. Evidence of the sheer damned fright that Chinese "aggression" had given the Indian Government it is the best yet. The Indians must now be very glad indeed that nothing came of this panic move. That the proposal was still-born seems to be partly the State Department's responsibility. "I cabled this to Washington but achieved no reaction", writes Professor Galbraith. "I sent off another long cable this evening. I marked this one for the White House and I imagine I will get some response." The response was actually delayed until January 12, when the President cabled "expressing considerable skepticism about the idea—he referred to it as GATO—Galbraith's All-Purpose Treaty Organisation", and by that time the Indians, recovering their sanity, had "climbed back".

One more passage from this remarkable book deserves citation, if only because it illustrates so superbly Professor Galbraith's powers of concise yet accurate analysis. Writing to the President, he produces the following summary of the Indian political situation—a summary which, apart from its reference to Krishna Menon, is very nearly as correct today as when it was written:

> India is a peasant and bourgeois, property-owning and, in the aggregate, conservative community. It is held to the West by ties of language and tradition of considerable strength. Most of the effective political leaders are on our side—a distinct oddity as the world goes. Their position depends on the history of the independence movement, the inherent conservatism of the country, the fact that our food eliminates the desperation that would result from hunger, and because planning plus our aid gives a semblance of progress.
>
> Working against these conservative influences is a combination of the communist, the angry, the frustrated, the xenophobic and the anti Muslim. Increasingly in recent years they have been coalescing around Menon. And Menon with great brilliance has made himself the custodian of the particular inflammatory issues—Goa, arms aid to Pakistan, Kashmir—which put us automatically on the other side.

The Victorian achievement

JEREMY MAAS: *Victorian Painters.* 271pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £7 7s.

Few generations have been so severely trounced by their immediate successors as the Victorians, and few have proved so resilient. Particularly is this the case in the world of art. The short reign of Edward VII had hardly drawn to its close before the mighty were being cast down from their seats and their masterpieces relegated to the unvisited basements of provincial museums. While Highland cattle and carousing cardinals might still find purchasers in the rich but unsophisticated Midlands, in London they were a drug on the market, Butterfield and Gilbert Scott had become figures of fun long before Lytton Strachey set pen to paper, and the Pre-Raphaelites had grown wearisome during the lifetime of Holman Hunt. Today all is changed. Each week sees the saleroom prices advancing by leaps and bounds, not only of the great remembered names, but also of such almost forgotten figures as J. Atkinson Grimshaw and William Maw Egley and not a year passes without the publication of some enthusiastic work of reassessment. How did this come about? Why and when did the pendulum start to swing, and how justified are past neglect and present enthusiasm?

The reasons for the sudden withdrawal of public favour are fairly easily discovered: the cultural Francophilia of the last decades of the nineteenth century, the arrival of Diaghilev, and, above all, the aesthetic puritanism of Bloomsbury. Once Roger Fry had established the dogma that no picture should ever on any account tell a story—which today seems as irrational as the previous insistence that every picture must do so—and once subject matter had come to be regarded as of no conceivable importance and form alone significant, the Victorians were due for the outer darkness. (And not only the Victorians, for it was largely due to the enthusiasm with which the cultured public responded to the austere preaching of Gordon Square that so great an artist as Sickert was so shamefully neglected for much of his working life.) Whether or not these reasons were justified remains an open question.

The English Francophils in their belated appreciation of the Impressionists delighted in pouring scorn on the Royal Academy without pausing to reflect that the standard of the majority of the Salon regulars was certainly no higher. Millais at his worst was a better painter than Delaroche, and Lady Butler a far more enjoyable one than Meissonier. Likewise those who were loudest in their welcome for the daring innovations of Bakst and Benois completely overlooked how much the former owed to Burne-Jones and Walter Crane, or how close the latter was to Cender. Only today are French critics themselves willing to admit the indebtedness of such painters as Gustave Moreau, Maurice Denis and the Nabis to the Pre-Raphaelites.

Much of our recent enthusiasm must, of course, be put down to nostalgia. How elegant, enchanting and secure seems the world of Tissot, how remote from the motorways and the petrol stations are the autumnal suburban backwaters of Grimshaw! But one cannot study this meritorious book for long without realizing that there was a great deal more to the best of the Victorian painters than period charm. Dyce's "Pegwell Bay" can well stand comparison with Courbet, and Alfred Stevens—the most consistently underrated and neglected artist this country has produced—is, at his best, hardly inferior, either as a portraitist or draughtsman, to Ingres. And even so laborious and misdirected a painter as Orchardson occasionally, as in his "Marriage of Convenience", comes very close to Forain.

Yet if this collection contains many delightful surprises, disagreeable reminders are not lacking. No wild change of fashion, no saleroom boom, can ever, surely, breathe life into the majority of those great pictorial machines which were once so regularly roped off at Burlington House. Typical in its faults is Lord Leighton's earliest contribution "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession into Florence", possibly the worst painting ever produced by any artist of comparable gifts. A row of carefully posed professional models, dressed in Wardour Street Gothic, stretch out in a monotonous file across the enormous canvas; no him of movement animates this static throng, and so little attention has been paid to composition that a couple of feet can be cut off or added at either end without making the smallest difference. (Curiously enough the first exhibited work of Leighton's celebrated but less gifted rival, Alma Tadema, "The Parthic Dance", has a strength and vivacity which that painter seldom subsequently achieved.)

The trouble with Lord Leighton, anyhow in this picture, is one he shares with too many of his contemporaries: the irresistible tendency to bite off more than he could chew. Time and time again the Victorians' self-confidence and their exalted idea of the artist's role led them to blow up admirable sketches to dimensions with which it was beyond their power to cope; to apply the minute visions of the miniaturist to acres of canvas; to load down the main theme with a back-breaking burden of elaborate symbolism and irrelevant detail. The worst offender in this last respect was Holman Hunt; no amount of high-minded explanation and elaborate pictorial side-references can persuade us that he ever felt the smallest imaginative sympathy either with "The Scapegoat" or "The Light of the World". Only once, in his best picture, does he convince us of his sincerity, for in "The Hireling Shepherd" he is not, whatever he may think, portraying negligence but lust—an emotion of which, one suspects, he had a very exact understanding.

Above all the Victorians were conscientious. Every canvas involved the production of innumerable sketches. Even the least important background figure had to be painted from a carefully posed and correctly draped model; and in the time frequently spent on a single figure Tiepolo or Luca Giordano could easily have decorated a couple of palaces. Whatever else goes wrong, he it is most decidedly not any lack of capacity to taking pains, and the highest talent could hardly expected to survive this backbreaking procedure. Just how much has it cost the production line in Bloomsbury is admirably illustrated in the present volume by the juxtaposition of Frith's original pencil sketch for "The Derby Day" and the finished work.

Mr. Maas makes few judgements. An ongoing his material, very selectively, he allows us to see for ourselves the Victorian achievement in its entirety. While the total effect may be for the casual reader, lack some of the charm of Graham Reid's more personal selection, *Victorian Painting*, it does cover the ground and reinforces the impression held by the earlier volume. The Victorians, like the majority of English artists, from the Winchester School onwards with two notable exceptions and those the greatest, were happiest on a small scale; it is in the graphic arts that they chiefly excelled. According to Sickert, Degas considered Keene the finest draughtsman in Europe, which of Millais's canvases he judged to surpass the best of early drawings? *Victorian Painting* is not, thank heaven, a proper volume, but one may hope that Maas will one day produce an equally large selection of their watercolours, oil-sketches and, above all, illustrations, which by universal consent pay no attention to what Victorians did best would lead to a balanced and profitable reassessment. Meanwhile we are grateful for a wider view.

Mexican panoramas

JACQUES SOUSTELLE: *Mexico.* 284pp Translated by James Hogarth. Barrie and Jenkins. £3.

JUSTINO FERNANDEZ: *Mexican Art.* 99pp. Photographs by Constantino Reyes-Valerio. Paul Hamlyn. 17s. 6d.

Each of these books forms part of one of those proliferating series about ancient civilization and art, and profits from the remarkable development in the techniques of colour reproduction. In both cases the numerous photographs can scarcely be faulted.

M. Soustelle has in *Mexico* produced very much more than a picture-book. His wide and sympathetic understanding of pre-Columbian civilization make this book stand out from the many surveys of the same kind. He begins by examining the sources of our present knowledge, from the most recent findings of archaeology to our reading of the surviving hieroglyphic texts and inscriptions, and rightly concludes that "the extent of our ignorance is incomparably greater than the area of our knowledge". He goes on to present a panorama of Mexican antiquity as we now see it. One of its most curious aspects is the way in which its vertical succession in time, from the earliest nomad peoples to the urban federation of the Aztecs, was always matched by a horizontal arrangement. Thus an observer proceeding northwards from the Aztec capital Tenochtitlán would seem to pass backwards in time from an urban society to a sedentary village culture to wandering groups of palaeolithic hunters in the northern deserts. Pre-columbian civilization was never far from its sources, and this may have contributed to its cyclical character (well described by M. Soustelle in his more speculative book *Les Quatre Soleils*). Whatever the cultural differences between Olmecs and Mayas in one environment, Zapotecs and Mixtecs in another, Teotihuacanos, Toltecs and Aztecs in a third—and whatever the causes of social breakdown in each case, their civilization had an essential unity and continued to grow through all vicissitudes until its tragic destruction by the Spaniards. No one is better equipped than M. Soustelle to bring this out. He does so here with intelligence and style.

M. Soustelle is well served by his translator but less so by his publisher. It is not always easy to fit caption to plate, and there are too many proof-reading errors.

Sr. Fernández's *Mexican Art* covers the whole spectrum of Mexican history. His choice of pictures is somewhat conventional, but the old favourites are none the less welcome: from Olmec jades, Toltec monuments and Mixtec jewellery to the gilded fantasies of colonial architecture and the revolutionary wall-paintings of our own time. The introductory text is distinctly uninspired and some of the comments on the plates are embarrassingly effusive.

From the stalls

P. WORSLEY: *Five Minutes, Sir Matthew.* 217pp. Alan Ross. 30s.

no lack of credible detail, or genuine insights. Mr. Worsley esses himself to a clutch of an problems present in all ods but given some new twists the social climate of the late s. In a novel that is conghly, if not quite aggressively, or ghly, up to date, he endeavours esent: the bitterness of an agetheatrical knight whose powers be slipping away; the same unresolved personal dilemmas maintains the pretence of a entional marriage and hankers his earlier homosexuality; his son's runaway success in an nt-garde theatrical world which mpises; and what happens with beaks and the press when both them take pot.

the self-doubts of middle-age, the blems of the deviant, the conflict generations, are not new. The s, and so is the peculiar bewilment of the artist who cannot whether he is genuinely out of or the younger generation ly shallow and ephemeral—as they bask in a success which they seem (to him, at any rate) not to have earned or deserved.

Mr. Worsley is well qualified, as a distinguished dramatic critic with intimate knowledge of this world, to trace the complexity and pathos of these situations. But he has settled for an oddly cursory and disappointing approach. His actor knight, Sir Matthew Prior, and his son Luke, are enmeshed in misunderstandings which are real and moving enough. Sir Matthew's courting of the matinée audiences has sapped his ability to deliver the goods at a higher level. With his outdated disciplines and image, what is his future at fifty-eight? Somewhere during his long trades to his wife, son, and homosexual friends, the sympathy and the subtlety delicatesses, the character turns hollow and superficial. Mr. Worsley brings off an unlikely plot with some skill; it is made to seem intrinsically possible that Sir Matthew *might* try marijuana while Luke is on remand for possessing some—and then get arrested in drag when his car hits a traffic island. Luke's contempt for his father's defence of the drug—and the drag—in the witness box is plausible: nothing the old man did could ever be right, or trendy enough. But contemporaneity, even accompanied by many discerning and neatly ironical touches, is not sufficient.

For one thing, the author's method—the novel is composed entirely of diaries, letters, press extracts and curiously stilted eavesdroppings on Sir Matthew's conversations—provides an eccentrically unsatisfactory vehicle for his theme, restricting him to a largely external view of his hero's situation. Partly as a result of this, nothing seems to be explored thoroughly enough: the scaffolding is there for a building which never emerges. And more disconcertingly, both the dialogue in which so much of the novel is couched, and the nature of Sir Matthew's final act of defiance, offer a theatricality which works against the resourceful handling of the plot and the good intentions of the message. In this, the author would seem to have yielded to the pressure of all those years in the critic's seat. Whatever explains them, such errors of tone serve sadly to rob this novel, at least, of the subtlety and poignancy he might yet achieve.

ubtopian sicknesses

N CHEEVER: *Bullet Park.* 245pp. pe. 30s.

ES LEIGH. *The Rasmussen Disas-* s. 287pp. The Alison Press. cker and Warburg. 35s.

failings of American subures are a familiar theme. John ver introduces a reference to O'Hara, which ought to be n a compliment. British novelers—themselves probably subnies, for the most part—may be ned to take up a defensive posagainst immoderate denunciaof the American middle class. Cheever slips under such nces by creating in Eliot les a middle-aged suburb as pleasant as could be with. Yet this honest, sweetred commuter is obsessed with media, with drugs and addiet to the point where he must ration his alcohol and eco, but needs to dose himself aranquillizers before journeying city: to the point where he has k the television out of the house e it destroys his son's mind. He prosperous chemist, but feels rely ashamed of his firm's pro- a mouthwash which is vulgarly advertised on television and sneered at by his beloved son. His environment is quiet, easy-going, rather insipid: the author writes of his way of life in a friendly manner and a graceful style which yet convinces us that Nailles is finding it intolerable.

But *Bullet Park* is a fantasy. The other principal character is the carefully-constructed Paul Hammer, the son of wealthy, free-loving radicals, a by-blow named, literally, after a workman's tool. Hammer intends to "crucify" Nailles, somehow, to make a case against this suburban way of life: he decides to burn the body of Nailles's son in a church. The rootless Hammer has no positive philosophy—only a sense of disgust at the organization of American lifestyles and a despairing inability to help change the structure. The ably-written blurb describes Hammer and Nailles as two "halves of the cruelly overburdened American psyche". Perhaps "halves" is an overstatement. We are offered only two types of sad suburbanite. What is most interesting here is the delicacy and persuasive conviction with which John Cheever treats the great public issues that lead to private grief and disorder: racism, fear of the unpredictable violence of the poor, conscription for the Vietnam war. *Bullet Park* is a remarkably convincing fantasy.

James Leigh's suburbanites live in a coarser environment. *The Rasmussen Disasters* is a jeering caricature of the way of life of a loutish liquor-store keeper with an over-hygienic wife and an alienated son. With a kind of brutal glee, the author introduces into the house of this man, Rasmussen, a horde of wild people: familiar "contemporary" types, enthusiastic for sexual deviation, illegal drugs, erotic home-movies and bohemian orgies. Every action and every speech is ugly. There is a passage involving the humiliation of a deaf-and-dumb man which recalls that American sick-joke novel, *Blinkie Heaven* (a farce about blind people), which Kingsley Amis introduced into *One Fat Englishman*. The novel ends with Rasmussen's son burning his draft card and "lighting out". The public menaces to the American "psyche" are much the same as those discussed, more gently and formidably, in *Bullet Park*: but the extravagance of James Leigh's satire is counter-suggestive, almost persuading us that the so-called "sickness of American society" has been much exaggerated.

lud-spattered banner

ARD KLUGER: *National Anthem.* pp. Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

33 a.m. . . . our defiance is to all the Malefactors of ate Wealth, to all the Maniacs of Massive Dehumanizaall the Proprietors of Modern-Any-Price." At the head of ivate army, Shag Shaughnd Mr. Kluger's hero, Chri- Kwait, are blowing up the ters of Continental Compuorporation—Kwait's former and symbol of everything nd of zany, violence-loving s detests. Passing through as a member of the Generation" of the years the wars—Korea and Viet- Kwait at thirty-two has gh of married security and career prospects, and is out. Simple adultery palls, robbery whets his appetite r things, and he falls in with heme to launch a private nist—they know not what. venturos make a racy, abundunny novel of uncertain s as they play the machine of the American Way of Life in order to smash it.

Abrasive, self-hating satire and elaborate fantasy is the present stock-in-trade of a large group of talented American writers who take the protesting position: it is not all baleful earnestness with the Mailers and the Baldwins. Mr. Kluger follows the trend towards hilarious nihilism with inventive devotion, adding several twists and talents of his own. He is a better storyteller than most of his colleagues, his non sequiturs are more plausible, his sociological sense of the possibilities for satire are more acute. *National Anthem* must be one of the first novels to examine—which it does brilliantly—the implications of using calculated violence in the name of noble causes, and to show such violence as simply the use of the old ethos for different purposes. It is a pity that this mode of writing is collecting a considerable school of satirical novelists: at any other time *National Anthem* would seem an outstandingly successful example of black social comedy. As it is, and vastly entertaining and discerning as it is, it remains no more than one of a kind, its originality spent on improving on most of the others.

Auto

ROBERT KELLY: *The Scorpions.* 188pp. Calder and Boyars. 30s.

The Scorpions is an oddly anticlimactic novel, offering all sorts of excitements which, when they arrive, somehow fail to match one's expectations. The book is narrated by a psychiatrist, able to defend his cool against all comers, who is prompted by some anonymously sent hieroglyphs and a patient's hallucinations to set out in pursuit of a mysterious order named the Scorpions. Playing a leading role is the doctor's Rolls-Royce, Kelvin, a sort (refined version of the Batmobile; together they embark on an air-conditioned daydream: sometimes erotic, sometimes bizarre.

The idea of Kelvin as fetish, like much else in the book, falls a little flat through being over-advertised and subsequently under-emphasized, and the clues to the identity or whereabouts of the Scorpions are too cleverly obscure. By contrast, the almost pathological punctiliousness of the narrator begins effectively, but becomes far too obtrusive.

Argument for reason in foreign policy

GRANT HUGO: *Britain in Tomorrow's World.* Principles of Foreign Policy. 256pp. Chatto and Windus. 35s.

It is not often that a work of political theory can be summarized so concisely as Mr. Hugo's. In fact he provides the summary himself in a single sentence. After pointing out that almost no writer on foreign policy ever attempts to define the subject he proceeds to offer and justify a definition of his own. Foreign policy, he says, is

that general conception of national aspirations, interests and capacities which influences the Government in the identification of disputes with other governments and in the choice of methods for the prevention, determination or limitation of such disputes.

After this opening chapter with its lucid climax Mr. Hugo undertakes in the subsequent chapters to account in detail for everything included in his definition and (almost equally important) everything left out of it.

National aspirations, interests and capacities present no great difficulties. The difference between the first and the second is, of course, that between what the people think they want and what they really need. The chief problem is to define the subject of the verb: the people, or the nation. Mr. Hugo examines definitions which identify them either in terms of public opinion or with the ruling class. He finds that public opinion, apart from being itself a nebulous abstraction, has no more than a negative function of imposing limitations within which policy must be confined. The ruling class, though attractive to Marxists, must also be excluded from the definition, if only because in so many instances (at any rate in British history) the ruling class has pursued a foreign policy obviously inconsistent with its own selfish interests. Mr. Hugo prefers to see the national interest as combining the independence, authority and social stability of the nation-state: but he recognizes that these three objectives are sometimes incompatible, and it is to their incompatibility that he charitably attributes the inconsistencies and changes of direction which British foreign policy has displayed since the Second World War.

The next two chapters deal with national capacities, divided into diplomatic, economic, military and moral. Mr. Hugo has little that is startling or unorthodox to say about any of these categories except the last. A number of straightforward case-studies, particularly of Rhodesia and the Suez affair, neatly illustrate the exercise or failure of each of these kinds of capacity. But he is at pains to insist that what he means by moral capacities has nothing to do with ethics. They are the motives rather, which determine "the degree of disciplined recklessness in which the Government can command popular support". Examples are the national conceptions of honour, liberty, patriotism, religion or ideology; and it does not matter whether such motives are good or evil in their ethical foundations, for the essential point about them is that they are completely irrational.

Mr. Hugo elaborates what may be called his anti-ethical bias in the following chapter, entitled "Objections". It is here that he explains why he has excluded certain concepts entirely from his definition of foreign policy. There are, he concedes, three categories of objections: the ethical, the ideological, and the systematic. In the most closely reasoned section of his book he eliminates them one by one. At the risk of over-simplification, his argument is that ethical considerations, though frequently invoked by those responsible for foreign policy, are invariably bogus; and ideological considerations are ephemeral in comparison with the overriding objective of national self-preservation. What he means by the systematic objection to his definition is the invocation of a quasi-scientific approach to foreign policy, involving the analysis of long-term trends, games theory and mathematical models. While dismissing these abstractions with something like contempt, he does not deny indeed, he emphasizes the need to discipline the amorphous mass of historical experience within a skeleton of theory. But theory can only explain, not predict. The most that any theory of foreign policy can do is to promote the habit of thinking methodically about the problems of international relations. No doubt, Mr. Hugo would claim no more than this for his own.

His argument so far has been directed towards a general theory applicable to all nation-states, even if most of the examples have been drawn from British experience. In the next chapter, entitled "Obstacles", he addresses himself more particularly to the problems arising from Britain's diminished status in the world. He discounts the defeatist view that Britain no longer needs a foreign policy because it can have no influence on the super-powers, but he argues that Britain must unavoidably side with one or other major ally. (As a conscientious theorist he is even prepared to contemplate the possibility that the alliance might be with the United States.) He points in the abandonment of Britain's nuclear deterrent as evidence of omnipotence, he claims, reason for abstention from choices as are available; the predominant danger of war may be averted by the mere existence of dangers, Britain still has a place in the world and a role to play; unexpectedly, the final chapter suggests that the best way of making British diplomatists more effectively, would be to subject them to the discipline of a government education as practised in new business schools. He expected, however, that this would follow logically on his exposition of the basic rules of foreign policy, unchanged: "It only remains to apply them correctly."

Britain in Tomorrow's World deserves praise for its merits as its lucidity. Mr. Hugo may have set out on his quest for a definition of foreign policy that others, whom he concedes to be qualified than himself, have failed to do so. More than once he expresses the hope that someone with his philosophical training will undertake the quest with greater success than others do so, they could do no more than use his definition as a starting-point for further refinement and amendment. Some of his arguments, particularly in the chapter on "Obstacles", are open to question; there is at least a strong possibility that the defeatist attitude he dismisses with such contempt is the realistic one; and there is the slightest doubt that his book, too, is a welcome merit to political theory.

Argument for Europe

JOHN PINDER and ROY PRYCE: *Europe After de Gaulle.* 191pp. Penguin. 6s.

It is a pity that the renewed public debate on the pros and cons of joining the European Economic Community cannot go on at the level of this book. But simply and clearly written though it is, the very density of the thinking emphasizes the complexity of the change facing Britain. This is no foreign policy problem, but a choice of a new dimension for our lives. John Pinder and Roy Pryce are what it would now be fashionable to call the gurus of the British federalists—that stalwart band who for two decades now have been campaigning for us to throw in our lot with the people across the Channel. From being cranks in the political wilderness they became respected back-room boys during the period in the Six's waiting-room. Now the wind seems to have veered the other way, and their book, conceived partly as a reply to Douglas Jay's *After the Common Market* in the same series of "Penguin Specials", could not have come at a better time.

This is not just a We-Must-Join book. Instead it puts the debate on a more serious intellectual and political plane. The E.E.C. as it is today is put brilliantly into perspective, with not a word wasted on its multiple technicalities, and none of its many faults and weaknesses disguised. Mr. Pinder and Mr. Pryce take as their starting-point not the Community, and the need to join the club, but the "Failure of the Nation-State" and the need to find a new political dimension: "The case for a new structure of government in terms of Europe's capacity to solve a series of its present and future internal problems is all the more compelling the further one peers into the future."

After this general analysis of the inadequacy of national structures and a critique of the Community as a partial response, the authors roll up their sleeves and wade into battle with those who oppose British membership of the Community and whose "fierce emotion . . . is often only very thinly disguised by a veneer of rationality". As for Mr. Jay, "he indeed seems to take the view that it would be unwise to become too closely involved with anyone who does not speak English". This is enjoyable polemic; but it is backed up with a serious refutation of the anti-membership party's arguments on the cost of joining. And in passing they take an effective swipe at the notion of a North Atlantic free trade area.

The third part of the book offers us in potted form the results of many years of reflection and debate, by John Pinder, Roy Pryce and the varied group of "Europeans" they represent, on the scope, the potential and the organization of a United States of Europe. Here they are streets ahead of the current British debate—or indeed the current debate among the Six. Yet they seem only partially to have adapted their ideas to the changing European scene. They refer to the need for greater regional autonomy, but don't go into the touchy question of relations between the regions and the nation-state, with its powers necessarily cut back, in their future federal Europe.

More important, they hardly question whether "a modern economy" for Europe, or "equality" with the United States, are goals which are sufficient to restore the badly tarnished appeal of the movement for European unity. For many in the younger generation throughout Europe they clearly are not. The authors refer in passing to the student movement as a political phenomenon, but without relating its fundamental criticisms of current western European society to their model. They also mention "the quality of life" in Europe, but do not explain what they mean or how a united Europe will necessarily better preserve it. But a book that went into these issues would seem even more remote from the current Common Market debate; and to that, *Europe After de Gaulle* is an invaluable contribution.

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Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms
942 pages.

Quo vadit?

LEONARD WOOLF: *The Journey Not The Arrival Matters:* An Autobiography of the years 1939-1969. 320pp. Hogarth Press. 35s.

In his article on "Wells, Hitler and a World State" George Orwell diagnosed the essential inability of the commonsense rational humanism to cope with the fascination and power of Hitler. Very much the same could be said of Leonard Woolf's ideas and beliefs. He opposed to Hitler what Orwell called "the usual rigmarole about a World State, plus the Sankey Declaration, which is an attempted definition of fundamental human rights". He worked patiently for an international government, helped to found the League of Nations Society, was secretary of the League and committee, editor of the *Political Quarterly*. In this last volume of his autobiography he sums up all the hours he spent, asks what he achieved, and answers: "practically nothing".

Could there be a more modest answer? Well, yes, there could; for Woolf never thinks that he might have done different and in his own life more rewarding work, never contemplates the idea that the League of Nations Society may have been a trap so that the whole view about the future of man and society represented by the Bloomsbury group in which he was a leading figure was perhaps confused and inadequate. He makes the assumption always that he was part of an intellectual and artistic elite. Why did so many of the best writers and painters join conspicuously outside that elite? How did Yeats, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis come to have such tragically un-Woolfian views? These questions never troubled a man who was pleased to think of himself as a thoroughly self-critical.

He congratulates himself on conducting the struggle for what he calls a good life into his eighties, though I know quite well that not Jerusalem, but only hideous red brick flats will be built in what was once 'England's green and pleasant land'. But this is an evasion of and not a confrontation with reality, for the whole Fabian drift of Woolf's activities led inevitably to the building of hideous red-brick villas. Like other well-meaning men of his kind he was able happily to ignore the contradictions in his own attitude: to live a pleasant country life in Sussex and at the same time work for a highly industrialized society that would despoil the countryside, to deride the "doctrinal imbecility" of Marx and regret, as he listened to Hitler, the way in which the fate of Europe had "slipped into the hands of a sadistic madman", without ever thinking that his own blueprints for a world of non-existent people might have had a share of responsibility for Hitler's success. To quote Orwell on Wells again: "He was quite incapable of understanding that nationalism, religious bigotry and feudal loyalty are far more powerful forces than what he would describe as sanity."

Unfair to Leonard Woolf, who is not here to answer back? Whether somebody is alive or recently dead should make no difference to what is said of him, but perhaps the balance can be redressed a little. The picture presented here by a man in his eighties of his own life in the past thirty years is composed with candour and sweetness. The account of Virginia Woolf's last years and of her death is done with fine restraint, such a wartime incident as the destruction in an air raid of his home and the Hogarth Press premises beneath it in Mecklenburgh Square is set down in a factual way that is highly effective.

In a lengthy discussion of the Hogarth Press, and of the break by which the partnership with John Lehmann was dissolved in 1946, sweetness is tinged with acidity. Whether Woolf was right in wanting to maintain the character of the firm or Mr. Lehmann right in wanting to expand is something that does not matter greatly today, although it does seem that agreement could have been reached by two less prickly characters (the phrase is Woolf's). There are some interesting speculations about the chances of a small enterprise like the Hogarth Press succeeding today, with what seems the fair conclusion that somebody might begin to publish on a small scale "a circle of young, unknown, brilliant writers" and survive, "provided he is a good businessman and is determined to limit his operations". There can be no doubt about Woolf's business ability and devotion to what he calls at one point the Jewish religion of work, and it was hard work as well as a flair for discovering talent (with of course the great advantage of having Virginia Woolf on the list) that made the Hogarth Press successful.

The rest of the book consists of reminiscences, including a lyrically described visit to Israel and an account of a return to Ceylon, where half a century earlier he had spent the seven years as a civil servant described in *Growing*. The material is rather slight although the discussion of it is interesting, as it always is when Woolf deals with facts. A general impression emerges: perhaps it should be said that the reviewer never met Leonard Woolf—of a personality decent and honest, rather self-consciously modest with a touch of complacency (the "nasty, smug, ill-conditioned satisfaction in saying 'I told you so'" to John Lehmann does not become less smug because the fact is noted), a little tetchy at times, and inhibited from the open expression of emotion by the conventions of his age and upbringing. A decent and in many ways conventional man, generally swimming with the tide (as was remarked in the review of an earlier volume in the series), while often under the impression that he was struggling against it, a very English intellectual Jew. The title he chose for the volume, *The Journey Not The Arrival Matters*, was an apt one. Through much of his life he swam along vigorously, head down in the water, rarely looking up to see if he was moving in the right direction.

A letter from Mr. John Lehmann on Leonard Woolf's autobiography appears on page 1258.

Dazzling

BERYL BRAYLEY NICHOLS: *The Sun in My Eyes.* 305pp. Heinemann. £3 3s.

Beryl Nichols accurately subtitles this book a caviceric. "How Not to Go Round the World". It is still possible for the pedestrian, the obscure, or the infamous to circumnavigate fantastically. But it is hard for a famous author who has written forty books about cats, God, gardens, flower arrangement, Melba, Spiritualism, pacifism, spiritualism, and [illegible]. Everywhere people are so glad to see him that he has little time to see for himself.

Travelling as a V.I.P. in South Africa he met many charming cats and people, flowers, gardens and flower arrangements; and though he does not pretend to be political, anybody pointed out how right Hitler said and how left is Harold Wilson. Mr. Nichols and Mr. Cyril Connolly, his very old friend who was with him for the trip and to whom he asks for the book he would like to write to help pay for the trip, both felt rather humiliated at English, especially since their cats had been devalued.

They went to Singapore and visited the Sultan of Johore, whom Mr. Nichols used to call "Sir" at Oxford. "Buffles" has [illegible] ears and cats; and his hospitality is very welcome because they [illegible] little money owing to devaluation. Almost everybody except [illegible] was appalled at Harold Wilson's Winding Up The Empire. Not [illegible] political, all they wanted was a [illegible] island; the travel agent [illegible] offer nothing better than [illegible] where in a restaurant on [illegible] they serve Scotch Broth, [illegible] Chips and Banana Fritters for four dollars. Not being rich owing to devaluation and Harold Wilson, they chose a portion of Nasi Goreng and one of cold Crab Foo-yong, which cost only one dollar and were delicious.

From Singapore they flew to Australia, where they hoped to make some real money, with Beverley writing and Cyril directing a television documentary on Nellie Melba; but the only job that materialized was a ninety-minute interview on the "Dads and Mums" programme. Both of them did some interesting research among the Greek Gods and Golden Boys surfing on Bondi Beach and among the drag queens of Sydney, Les Girls.

There were social occasions; a touching dinner with Sir Robert Menzies—to whom Mr. Nichols said, "I would like to have been your Boswell"—and

A cocktail party in honour of Bobby and myself. Bobby, as Mirabelle would remind her readers, is Robert Helpmann, who has just been knighted.

From Australia, they sailed in an American tramp-steamer with passengers and crew so uncivilized that they had never heard of the writer Beverley Nichols. Libel limited his possibilities of dwelling fully on this fearsome voyage.

For lack of other copy he turned his memory to happier occasions, such as when he and Noël travelled back together on the Queen Mary and Noël reproved him for rhyming "Bahamas" with "bananas". *The Sun in My Eyes* does not contain anything startlingly new except for a ten-page chapter, "Interlude with Evelyn Waugh", recalling the two occasions when these dissimilar writers met, once cooped up in a Dartmoor hotel and the other on the S.S. United States, bound for Jamaica. On the first occasion Waugh, having offered a sherry, observed, "I hear that you have been having trouble with your cocky-wocky". On the second, hearing that Mr. Nichols had been to morning service, Waugh asked,

'And did you say a little prayer for the under-doggies?" It was uncanny, the way in which he managed to point his anger, with such unerring accuracy, at any trait in my character which might provide material for ironical invention. For I *had* said a prayer for the under-doggies. I had also said a prayer for the under-pussies. As I remembered this, I suddenly said to myself, "Why the hell should I be ashamed of it?" And so, for once in a way, I did not take evasive action.

"Yes, Evelyn", I replied, "I did. I said a prayer for the under-doggies." Whereupon, to my surprise, and to my great pleasure, he observed, "That was very nice of you." He spoke simply, with no echo of irony. At that moment, I think, we were nearer to genuine affection than at any time in our association.

The association lasted for the voyage, with probes and pinpricks, from Waugh, and no resentment from Mr. Nichols, whose reverence for the other's satirie genius was such that he was prepared to sit for a fictional portrait. He contents himself with a vision of Waugh in the bathroom. "To arise in the morning from visions of grandeur, in which one has dreamt of marble halls . . . to be confronted by a figure so plebeian—this must have had a savour of gall."

Perhaps, in Limbo or wherever he may be, having shuffled off this mortal coil, the shade of Evelyn Waugh will be comforted by the feline valediction of one he treated as an under-pussy. "I liked him."

Lone Dorset monolith

KENNETH MARSDEN: *The Poems of Thomas Hardy.* 247pp. University of London: The Athlone Press. 40s.

There has not yet been any agreement over Hardy's position as a poet. Even his exact period lacks definition. He bestrides the turn of the century with forty years and all his novels behind, and nearly thirty of continuing activity on the near side. He had looked in on three wars—1870, 1899 and 1914—besides having a vivid sense of Napoleon's Europe that was to become for him an expanding symbol of the clash of policies and of his own interpretation of the universe. His novels, firmly planted in both time and place, are established classics; his poetry emerges, progresses, soars and plunges with a dizzy motion. All this his critics have to follow in an effort to reach a verdict which frequently remains individual because the highly personal element in Hardy is one more obstacle on the road to cool detachment.

Kenneth Marsden, his latest critic, is so impressed by this critical disagreement that it becomes his opening fanfare and recurs, after a detailed development section, at the close. The awareness guarantees his objectivity, which, in the absence of a final estimate, is as good and productive an attitude as a reader can hope for. Nor can the critical cleft, once recognized, be lost to sight in any of the aspects Mr. Marsden covers: structure and vocabulary, the quality of thought behind the lyric or incident, and before all the controversial question of the Wessex poet's "philosophy". Hardy himself gave at least one explanation—which Mr. Marsden quotes—whereby it becomes a matter of his own temperament rather than of an external Will neglecting its products. It was his habit, he explained, to trace out the darker threads of the general pattern. Others, following up the brighter shapes, could arrive at an opposite reading of the same design. On this assumption Hardy's was a partial view, and he was content that it should be so. Unfortunately his explanation also is a partial one, leaving much unanswered: he was not his own best analyst.

However, Mr. Marsden works on it to determine how some of the successful poems and some of the failures came into being. Hardy's almost routine view of Chance, Ironic Fate, the funereal march of Time, the pain of the past as seen in human memories, these fitted aptly to the slightest tales and incidents. They might give the trivial real significance as a chip of the universal; or the trivial might kill the idea by its irredeemable pettiness. Here we have a plausible theory but no criterion for decision on each poem. With sufficient sympathy for Hardy's method and outlook, Mr. Marsden holds, a good deal the shorters throw away as rubbish ought to be retained.

A similar "take-it-or-leave-it" verdict attaches to Hardy's "mixed vocabulary". Etymologically it is a hybrid product of dialect, archaism, attempts to make one word out of two (some of these have come into the language, others look clownish dragged from their rhythmic setting), all combining to make a typical Hardy language. Writers have made queerer ones since; after stumbling through the bogs and boulders of James Joyce's later efforts it is almost cosy to come back

> To where the dayspringe well us
> Heart-hydromels that cheer.

At the same time the "best" of Hardy's poems do seem to absorb the irritants and present a choral harmony. In general Hardy ruled out nothing that would gain him his desired effects. In words he was part innovator, part traditionalist, part regionalist and a good part transmuter. So with his rhythms and metres, that perform some brilliant gyrations on a groundwork of accepted forms. Taken in bulk, his verse shows a remarkable variety; if the shaping spirit emanates from his architect's training, the beauty and half-strangeness of some of his effects show clearly that music—and not only balladry—ran through his mind. One of his almost carefree poems is composed to a movement from a Mozart symphony, in which each fourth line fiddles on in a lilt, [illegible] alliterative cadenza:

> Yea to such tasks [illegible]
> Careness, repose,
> Love lines, life on.

Even this fancy has its [illegible] of regret for the follies, [illegible] and is pure Hardy.

"Pure Hardy", for he [illegible] a lone monolith on the [illegible] but he was fully aware of [illegible] tions and the poets who [illegible] to them. Mr. Marsden [illegible] any influences by the [illegible] digested, and he finds [illegible] ing ones apart from Wes[illegible] for form and language [illegible] travesdons for "philo[illegible] Wordsworth with a hint [illegible] for general type of [illegible] Shelley, much read and [illegible] Hardy, is not mentioned [illegible] influence. Yet there is [illegible] Shelley that is very clos[illegible] prevailing or recurrent [illegible] tres, haunting, death and [illegible] belong for the most part [illegible] Gothic youth, though [illegible] spill over, refined and re[illegible] his later years. They are [illegible] like Hardy's phantom-ha[illegible] scapes and pursuit of dea[illegible]

The same necessitate[illegible] moves both poets, the [illegible] ghoating vision of [illegible] churchyards, human sa[illegible] time and mutability. S[illegible] Italian years was still [illegible] "one white skull and [illegible] bones," on a beach as gr[illegible] nightfalls, and showed [illegible] trace of ghoulishness in [illegible] finished, poem. The link [illegible] of affinity rather than [illegible] the later poet could hardly [illegible] struck by so congenial a[illegible] of his cherished gloom.

Hardy's forward influe[illegible] been strongly marked at [illegible] deliberate efforts to break [illegible] tinuity; nevertheless he [illegible] find some natural follow[illegible] readers and critics. M[illegible] fair analyses are clearly [illegible] the favourable side of [illegible] consequently his book [illegible] those who have hesitated to [illegible] the unknown territory. [illegible] maps and aerates the des[illegible] collected poems, but a [illegible] Hardy's nature, more re[illegible] any gossip about his [illegible] habits.

Whose Adam and Eve?

U. C. KNOEPFLMACHER: *George Eliot's Early Novels.* 269pp. University of California Press (I.B.E.G.). £3 7s.

In 1965 Professor Knoepflmacher published a book called *Religious Humanism and the Victorian Novel* in which George Eliot was one of the three principal authors examined. His interest then, as in the book under review, was in the history of ideas. He admires George Eliot's novels, but is mainly concerned with how far in each work she succeeds in reconciling "the ideal with the real". It is not always easy to see what he means by this, but it gradually emerges that the "ideal" stands for a moral order sanctioned and upheld by Divine Justice, whereas "the real" stands for human life as it is experienced.

In *George Eliot's Early Novels* Professor Knoepflmacher examines at length her fictional works from *Scenes of Clerical Life* to *Silas Marner*, the last of which he sees as the masterpiece of this first "phase". This, he believes, is mainly because in it, "by adapting herself to a simpler degree of culture she was able to create a reality that could shelter reason and faith, the actual and the ideal".

According to his view of George Eliot's intention, she had hitherto "met considerable difficulties in trying to extract moral sanctions from a world ruled by random chance". But did she ever intend to "shelter reason and faith" or to "extract moral sanctions" from predictable consequences? Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch* tells Bulstrode, "I would injure no man willingly even if God winked at it." This fellow-feeling is the only moral sanction that George Eliot's fiction postulates.

Professor Knoepflmacher is a very diligent and well-equipped scholar; he is widely read in English literature and no less so in what is sometimes called "the literature of the subject". In innumerable footnotes he quotes and argues with colleagues who have written books or articles about George Eliot. In the body of his book he suggests somewhat far-fetched parallels between the novels and tales of George Eliot and other literary works. For example, *The Mill on the Floss*, he notices, "like Antony and Cleopatra ... contains two related tragedies"—but he presently adds correctly that "Mrs. Tulliver resembles Mrs. Bennet rather than Antony's Cleopatra". Nonetheless, "her husband's tragic fate is tied to the rudder of his chosen queen". Elsewhere *King Lear* is invoked: "Before dying Lear recognizes the goodness of the daughter he has unjustly spurned: before his death Mr. Tulliver must acknowledge his debt to his son".

It is not easy to guess what prompts the author to make these juxtapositions. They are left, fortunately, undeveloped. On the other hand Professor Knoepflmacher repeatedly insists on a relationship between *Adam Bede* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. "George Eliot's first full length novel reveals her highly imaginative appropriation of *Paradise Lost* for her own philosophical purposes." The first adumbrated in his [illegible] gradually becomes for [illegible] tainty, so that towards the [illegible] volume he speaks of "Gi[illegible] conversion of Hetty into [illegible] Eve", with which he [illegible] apparently forgetting that [illegible] and not George Eliot who [illegible] Adam Bede as the first Ad[illegible] Hetty as Milton's Eve.

The reader's response [illegible] Eliot's novels is more likely [illegible] pected than furthered by [illegible] Knoepflmacher's constant [illegible] to connect. His bright [illegible] dazzle, but they certainly [illegible] To what end should a reader [illegible] *Mill on the Floss* recall [illegible] and *Antony and Cleopatra* [illegible] of *The Rape of the Lo[illegible]* "Stephen Guest stands po[illegible] pair of scissors, ready to [illegible] one of Lucy's curls"? [illegible] is it to conjecture that if [illegible] liver had been a boy "she [illegible] profited by Mr. Stelling's [illegible] gone to the University and [illegible] gentleman like Pendennis [illegible] gentleman novelist like [illegible] himself"?

Distracted by such [illegible] reader might well miss the [illegible] of George Eliot's novels. [illegible] fessor seems to have dis[illegible] says that Maggie "will [illegible] to Holland with Stephen [illegible] Ordinary readers [illegible] other literary [illegible] Maggie, far from "[illegible] to Holland" is dete[illegible] to St. Ogg's and succ[illegible]

A people and a state

ABBA EBAN: *My People: The Story of the Jews.* 534pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5 5s.

Mr. Abba Eban, the Foreign Minister of Israel, is a legendary figure at meetings of the General Assembly and the Security Council of the United Nations. His eloquence as the spokesman of Israel for more than twenty years never wearies. He is a master of the soothing and pathetic, and also of the devastating, phrase. For ten years he was Israel's first delegate to the United Nations, and thereafter in turn Minister of Education, Deputy Prime Minister, and Foreign Minister. In this book he has set out the history and philosophy of the Jews over 4,000 years: from the era of the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to the present day.

The greater part, indeed, of the book is devoted to the dramatic record of the birth and progress of Zionism, which covers less than 100 years. Since he was a boy he has been dedicated to that cause, and since the establishment of the state in 1948 he has had a leading part in moulding and implementing policy. His main theme is the uniqueness of the people and the land of Israel. If there is little that is novel in the narrative, each chapter manifests his mastery of phrase and a deep faith. As he says:

> The book is written from within, by one who feels passionately committed to the strange destiny which he is trying to elucidate. . . . That every word has been pondered and written in Jerusalem may also give the book a special dimension.

He sees the past of the Jewish people retrospectively as a reflection of the present. Thus the Exodus from Egypt, "in addition to its specific role in history, emerges as a dynamic social myth, able to describe and inspire the revolutionary impulse in many times and in distant lands".

Before the Second World War Mr. Eban was a young lecturer in Arabic and Hebrew at Cambridge University, and he is master of the language and the history of the Arabs. He is particularly eloquent about the Golden Middle Age when Jews and Muslims in Spain worked together harmoniously and shared a civilization. The Jewish statesmen and philosophers of that age are the model of his own bilingual genius. He notes that the end of that golden experiment of Arab-Jewish symbiosis marked the end of Arab power in Europe; but he has hopes of the revival of Semitic cooperation.

The account of the rise and conflict of the Jewish and Arab national movements is inevitably the more subjective section of the book. It is a moving plea for Israel. He places the rebirth of Israel fairly and squarely in contemporary world history; but he is not concerned to weigh the balance in the conflict of the rights of the two peoples, which is the present tragedy of the Middle East.

He draws vivid profiles of the creators of Zionism: Theodor Herzl, Chaim Weizmann, David Ben-Gurion, and Levi Eshkol. Unexpectedly he is subtly critical of Ben-Gurion: "He tends to sharpen personal and party animosities within the nation beyond their real measure of acuteness." Yet, "nobody doubts that he was a figure cast in a large and heroic mould". He himself tends to underestimate the part which the British Mandatory Government of Palestine played in preparing for the creation of the State of Israel, and also the contribution of the first Lord Samuel to the transformation of Palestine from a backward province of the Ottoman empire to a progressive modern state. His final glimpse into the future is inspired by a religious faith. It is the vocation of Judaism "to preserve and develop an intense vitality of spirit". "There is no salvation or significance for the Jew except when he aims high, and stands straight within his own authentic frame of values." His last personal reflection is that "much of the awe and wonder of the story lies in the experience of renewal". The journey of the Children of Israel has come back to where it began. The illustrations, largely of the land, are abundant and well selected. The picture-book of history appears to have come to stay.

Because they're there

GEORGE MIKES: *The Prophet Motive.* 158pp. Andre Deutsch. 18s

Whether or not the Jews ought to be in Palestine, they are there. The Arabs are there too; and unless the one is utterly to expel the other with unspeakable suffering, the only alternative is that some way be found for them to live peacably together. Mr. Mikes, a Jew but not an Orthodox Jew, does not spare to set out the full Jewish case: a catalogue of the threats of extinction and expulsion which Arab leaders have issued. The Jews can hardly be expected to wait and see how far these threats are rhetorical bombast and how far they are real. On the other hand, Mr Mikes equally understands the Arab case—the bitterness of those who have been expelled from homes which they and their ancestors have inhabited for generations. He demands that full restitution be made to the sufferers, and thinks the Jewish claim to a unique right through religion to the possession of Jerusalem an indefensible exaggeration. What is needed is a relaxation of tension: Without it the problems are insoluble.

Mr. Mikes's own special contribution is, as one would expect, not a blueprint for a new political solution but an injection into the discussion of his own inimitable humour. His direct political exposition could be matched by other books. No one but Mr. Mikes could have given us the delicious chapter on "Jewish Understatement" in which he pokes fun at the comic boasting of Jews about everything in Israel. Defended by his excellent humour, Mr. Mikes tells the reader many important truths about the differences between the European and the Asian or African Jews which are to some extent creating a quasi-racialism within the Jewish body itself: about the American Jews who support Israel with their money but are reluctant to go and live there, who do not themselves practise their religion but think that the Israelis ought to practise it; of the tension between the Sabras and the immigrants; of life on the West Bank and the contrast between Hebron and Nablus; and of life on the Golan Heights. He is perhaps a little optimistic about the relations between Jew and Arab in Old Jerusalem, but his narrative is a useful corrective to those who imagine that the activities of the Palestine Liberation Front are carried out by people themselves still resident in the territory.

Occidental guide

J. H. WINN HASWELL: *An Introduction to The Holy Land.* 140pp. Duckworth. 42s.

Mr. Winn Haswell is a Methodist minister who has been a frequent visitor to the Holy Land, first as an R.A.F. chaplain and later as a conductor of tours. He has given us a pleasant, unpretentious description of the Holy Land, which he modestly calls no more than an introduction. It is written in an engagingly charitable and ecumenical spirit with appreciation of those whose manner of worship happens to be different from his. In particular he justly reminds those accustomed to the restrained and sober ways of the West, that the habits of orientals are more exuberant. Indeed, he might have added, Christ himself was an oriental, living among orientals. It was among them that the Christian religion had its birth and the exuberance of, say, the ceremony of the Sacred Fire today is doubtless much more reminiscent of the spirit that ruled on Palm Sunday or along the first passage of the Via Dolorosa than our own dignified processions of the West. It is we of the West who are here the intruders.

Mr. Haswell's space is limited, and he inevitably has to pass over some places with little more than the mention of a name and with no detailed description. He is more interested in the evidence for the recovery of an actual site than in the architecture erected upon it: the Church of the Holy Sepulchre clearly disappoints him. At Bethlehem he does not so much as mention the Latin Franciscan church attached to the Church of the Nativity; and he is not much interested in the fine modern church at Nazareth. Again he writes from a purely Christian point of view, which means that he is interested in the Old Testament and the places of Jewish history that figure in it but is not at all interested in Jewish history after Christ; there is, for instance, no mention of Safad. He is interested of course in the Dome of the Rock and el Aqsa, but not much in the other Muslim holy places—Hebron is, for instance, dismissed fairly cursorily.

All this is no cause for complaint; Mr. Haswell does not claim to have written a work of original scholarship. He does not take sides in matters on which scholars are in dispute; his work is a labour of love. He is writing frankly of what attracts his interest, and it is the necessary virtue of such a book that it should be arbitrary and personal in its selection.

There is, however, one curious ascription; the confident assertion that the Pillar of Absalom really was erected by Absalom. There are also a few unfortunate slips in proofreading: on page 91 we are referred to a map on page 52, but this page contains no map, and in the reconstruction of the timetable of the days of Holy Week we are given 8 a.m. for the time of the Last Supper—where presumably 8 p.m. was meant. We are told that the coastal cities of the Philistines lay *eastwards* from Bethlehem, where it should of course be westwards. Finally, the illustrations are excellent and well chosen.

The Statesman's Year Book makes its encyclopedic survey of the world through another year in the current volume for 1969-70 (1558pp. Macmillan. £3 3s.). There is evidence of the usual careful revision, though inevitably it has been outstripped by events here and there, as in Libya and Czechoslovakia. A new, clearer type-face has been adopted, and for the first time in twenty-three years there is a new hand in control. A frontispiece portrait commemorates the late Dr. S. H. Steinberg who for so long guided the destinies of the *Year Book*, and to whom his successor, Mr. John Paxton, pays tribute in his preface.

At the Zoo

GERVASE HUGHES: *Dvořák.* 247pp. Cassell. 36s.

Mr. Gervase Hughes makes his approach to Dvořák very clear in his introductory pages, where he writes:

> Antonín Dvořák was a straightforward chap who led a straightforward life and composed (mostly) straightforward music; I have therefore done my best to recount that life and describe that music in a straightforward manner.

The author is certainly faithful to his expressed intention and has written what one might well describe as a four-times-over straightforward account of his hero. Mr. Hughes's commentary is certainly direct even if somewhat unusual in imagery. This passage (on the Symphonic Variations) is characteristic:

> In the first three variations . . . [Dvořák] merely repeats the theme (all twenty bars of it) three times over, adding some elaborate contrapuntal trimmings. Then the real fun starts: during the course of the next thirteen variations (4 to 16) he plays with it much as a dog might play with its puppy, turning it on its back and rolling it all over the place, licking it affectionately when it submits uncomplainingly, and administering punitive slaps when it becomes too obstreperous.

Perhaps some readers may find the sporty tone exhilarating. But surely Mr. Hughes exceeds the limits of the tolerable when discussing the start of the first movement of the D minor Symphony (No. 7):

> I shall use a zoological tag as a means of enabling listeners to recognize for themselves the significance of the phrase introduced . . . by violins and cellos in little more than a whisper but with rapidly increasing urgency.
>
> In a moment or two you may meet
> a big bear . .
> Have a care . . . have a care . . .
> HAVE A CARE . . . HAVE A CARE!

And later:

> Eventually Brain is persuaded to be down quietly; when two dulcet horns softly echo the original warning there is no longer any need to have a care; everything then dissolves into silence.

It is true that Mr. Hughes dedicates his book

> not so much to professional musicians . . . as to laymen who instinctively appreciate good music, but may have had no opportunity to study more than the rudiments and little opportunity to set their own value on Dvořák's outstanding contributions to the art.

But will the layman, in fact, be assisted by Mr. Hughes's boyish enthusiasm? One hopes, indeed, that the sensitive layman would recoil from a form of verbal equivalent that would seem to this reviewer to hinder rather than promote the instinctive appreciation of which Mr. Hughes speaks. A little less zoology and a little more music—the book, alas, contains not a single music example—would have provided a better balance.

It is not that one deplores enthusiasm. On the contrary, the best criticism is, and must be, enthusiastic. What disconcerts one about Mr. Hughes's enthusiasm is the actual quality of it. If his published commentaries represent his response to Dvořák's music, then his response must be inadequate; and one would be sorry if his inadequacy were wished on to others by the breeziness of his style. It is surely significant that when he is confronted by a profound, introspective masterpiece of the order of the B minor Cello Concerto—so different from the buoyant, bubbling, "straightforward" Dvořák of whom Mr. Hughes writes with such zoological zest—his account of the music tends to be pretty thin. His failure to recognize Dvořák's inwardness—he seems to award a medal to the composer for never having become an "introvert", unlike the "unhealthily morbid" Tchaikovsky—means that his book overlooks the very side of Dvořák's personality which, for many admirers, is the sign of a gift far beyond the scope of a "straightforward chap".

Light on Lawes

PAMELA J. WILLETTS: *The Henry Lawes Manuscript.* 83pp. 22 plates. The Trustees of the British Museum. £1 15s.

Pamela Willetts, whose contributions to current research in English music of the seventeenth century sometimes reflect a cautious thoroughness, leaves no doubt in our minds about the importance of the manuscript which forms the subject of this particular study: "The volume is the largest surviving musical autograph of an English composer earlier than the Purcell autograph in the Royal Music Library (now preserved in the Music Room, British Museum)." This is a true as well as a bold statement. During the three centuries between the death of Henry Lawes and the date when the manuscript was acquired for the permanent collections of the British Museum, this precious collection of songs passed through many hands. They were for the most part collectors, or scholars having no interest in making even a handful of musical gems available to the public at large, but it can at least be said for them that they looked after the manuscript carefully, so that its contents may at long last be studied and performed.

Many of the songs appeared in early printed anthologies, for Lawes was not one to hide his lyrical light under a bushel. There remain, however, a significant number both of songs and poems which have never seen the light of day, and their uniqueness is made even more valuable by the fact that we are dealing here with the composer's autograph. Problems arise when we compare the written texts with the printed, for although Playford was sometimes guilty of unwarranted improvements, at other times he clearly reproduced a corrected version which stemmed from Lawes himself. Any composer is entitled to have second thoughts, and there are instances without number, from the sixteenth century onwards, of printed sources offering a more reliable and up-to-date text than manuscript originals. The author sums up the situation perfectly by stating that "the suggestion that Playford's texts of Lawes's songs cannot be trusted can be modified".

An industrious American scholar having transcribed the entire manuscript, it will not be long, presumably, before the quality and variety of these songs may become more readily apparent. So far as the various influences in Lawes's style are concerned the author traces skilfully and persuasively the touches of Campion, the hints of Caccini, and the shafts of Monteverdi. In spite of these contributory factors, the songs of Lawes possess a personality of their very own: a quiet and graceful charm which effortlessly bridges the chasm between amateur and professional for, if there is no doubt about the composer's professionalism, there is also no lack of evidence to show that he intended his songs for amateurs. The songs embody no severe technical difficulties, but they do require, for their proper and lively interpretation, a deep understanding of nuance and a genuine feeling for style: that style which Sir John Hawkins described as "neither recitative nor air, but in so precise a medium between both that a name is wanting for it".

Appended to the introductory essay are a select bibliography, a chronology of the composer's life, an account of the provenance of the manuscript, and (longest and most useful of all) a complete catalogue with concordances and text-identifications as far as they are at present known. Of interest and value for the scholar are twenty-two plates reproducing selected pages from the autograph, as well as from other sources which can profitably be compared with it.

In service

ERIK ROUTLEY: *Words, Music and the Church.* 224pp. Herbert Jenkins. 30s.

Dr. Routley is nearly but not quite uniquely well placed to discuss the problems of modern music in the worship of the church at a time when its relevance to modern life is itself problematical: for Professor Chadwick at Christ Church, Oxford, is also a musician-cum-theologian—but his experience as musician with a wide and historical knowledge of both "divine and civil" music, as theologian (once at Mansfield College), and as pastor ministering to a Congregational Church (once in Edinburgh, now in Newcastle), has enabled him to write a great deal about twentieth-century church music (which indeed is the title of the book by which, next to his classic *The English Carol*, he is best known). The present book deals with the same theme but uses a different treatment, which was prescribed for it by the fact that it is substantially a course of lectures delivered at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1966 and so envisages, American as well as British Protestantism in its purview.

As a guide-line through his analysis of the present predicament, Dr. Routley takes the familiar psychological division of the human psyche into affection, cognition and conation and applies it historically to the past hundred years or so. Almost too ingeniously, the romantic nineteenth century becomes the period when emotion was the dominant concern of art (and especially of music, enabling Dr. Routley to deliver a splenetic assault on that maid-of-all-work, the piano); then around 1900 came the period of scholarship with *The English Hymnal*, the revival of sixteenth-century polyphony, and an actual reaction against Victorian sentimentality: now in the seventies of the twentieth century the mood is active, not to say revolutionary. In this context, Dr. Routley considers whether jazz, "pop" music, scientism and Messiaen have anything to contribute to the services of the church.

His conclusion is that serious Christian worship can be vitalized by treating them as drama with audience participation, in a manner somewhat analogous to that of the Greek theatre of ancient Athens, making a plea by the way that modern composers as well as modern composers be involved in it. Although he is one of what Catholics, Anglicans, Lutherans and Presbyterians are thinking and doing as well as the practical liberal Protestant tradition to which he belongs, he gives too little consideration to the view that in dealing with life's ultimate mysteries man's most suitable method. This does explain that Anglican worship is basically a daily "office" and therefore not susceptible to drastic variation such as he would allow his own Sunday services. But he calls it a "scripted drama", and with a dramatic content of such a kind as to make familiarity that it requires an effort to remember that it is drama at any sort at all.

The book is full of stimulating ideas like these, trenchantly expressed. For although Dr. Routley is far from intolerant he is frank and explicit in his judgments about liturgical practice, modern music and, as music critic, about composers from Schubert to Britten. John Bacchus Dykes to Mr. Williamson.

The would-be Kings of Rome

MICHAEL MALLETT: *The Borgias: The Rise and Fall of a Renaissance Dynasty.* 351pp. Bodley Head. £3 3s.

It was Alonso de Borja, born in 1378 near Jativa in the Kingdom of Aragon, who represented a dramatic change in the family fortunes with his election as Pope at the conclave of 1455. The bull on Calixtus III's arms upon the Ponte Milvio, Rome, dated 1458, has its feet firmly on the ground, its head lowered aggressively in complete contrast to the rather docile beast on the city arms of Ciudad Borja, from which the papal arms derive. Whether consciously done or not, the Borgia bull was singularly appropriate as an emblem for a rising dynasty. The story of the family's emergence in the fifteenth century has been popular reading for generations though, regrettably, the centre of interest has been the licence of a Pope, Alexander VI, and the lechery of his children, Cesare and Lucrezia, rather than the factors that enabled the family fortunes to change so strikingly.

Dr. Mallett says that his aim in writing is to explain the family. In this book he seeks to re-examine evidence concerning the Borgia, so as to jettison the accretions of myth, while showing how it was that the family rose to power by a narrative account of the times. The result is a trilogy with an epilogue. The first three chapters of the study deal with the Renaissance papacy, and are intended as the background for Calixtus III. The central theme is Pope Alexander VI and his children, which grows into the third part: the Italian wars, 1494 to 1503. Finally there is St. Francis and the Borjas of Gandia. The threads are woven together with skill. Throughout, the narrative is attractively written, and almost effortless to read. Moreover the judgments on the Borgia are moderate and balanced; no, let us say sound—that highest of academic praise. Dr. Mallett's book should prove highly successful, being most welcome to students of the papal court of the High Renaissance.

The pity is that Dr. Mallett did not break with tradition, and ignore the controversy about the Borgia. When all is said, though, this book is the most penny-plain we have, it is not very different from that of Collison-Morley, or of Latour, published in English in 1932 and 1963 respectively. Dr. Mallett's book does have attractive features, but they are almost lost to sight in the dress of his narrative. A presentation which left them more naked would have been more striking, and would have revealed more clearly their contours. A key chapter might have examined the developing dynastic ambitions of the Borgia popes, perhaps with particular reference to Lord Acton's century-old claim; that Alexander VI's purpose was that the Borgia family should protect and control the papacy—in short, that the Borgia were to act as a revitalized King of the Romans. The follow-up would deal with the methods and manipulations used to further these ambitions. This, in turn, suggests a section in the Namier tradition on family connexions, another on wealth, with perhaps a subsequent chapter considering the family as Maecenas. Into such a scheme of things, which takes for granted the story of the Borgia, Dr. Mallett's interesting chapter "Borgia Government" would have fitted most neatly, while at present it seems an excursus in his narrative. The author has made some archival researches of a modest kind for this study and could have brought these into focus in an introductory chapter dealing with the existing records, and the problems presented by their interpretation.

Dr. Mallett's notes are precise and useful, but at the end of the volume. Matching them with the text is made the more irritating because, while each page of the text has a title-heading, the notes are listed only under the chapter numbers, and without any pagination to guide. The bibliography provides admirable critical comments, but remains imperfect. It does not list the material available in English, which the general reader is most likely to consult: such as Mr. Geoffrey Parker's translation of a selection of Burchard's diary *At the court of the Borgia* and Anny Latour's *The Borgias*. A more serious defect is the lack of bibliographical information for the articles listed. It is also worth adding that a revised edition of Luzio's *Isabella d'Este e i Borgia* was published in 1916, and that Ferrato's *Centuria . . .*, a rare *Per Laurea* publication, is of 1868 not 1866. The references to Agapito suggest the author knows the works at second-hand, and Dr. Michelini Tocci did not write an article entitled "Agapito Gheraldini".

There are very few errors of fact to be corrected in the text: Barbara ("Barbaro" in the index) Torelli was not the ex-wife of Giovanni Bentivoglio; Francesco Maria della Rovere was not exiled by Cesare Borgia; and the reference on page 191 to January 6, 1503, should read 1502. The King Ferdinand brought forward on page 166 was perhaps Ferdinand II of Naples, who was of Cesare Borgia's generation, rather than the King of Aragon. Finally, more dangerous, because less easy to spot, are what can be termed the half-truths. For instance, we are told of the Florentine protection of the Manfredi of Faenza (page 29), which later (page 185) becomes Venetian. Dr. Mallett is accurate, but some further explanation is needed for the average reader. Many of the things said about the duchy of Urbino are unreliable. Ottaviano Ubaldini is called the protégé of Duke Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, whereas he was the regent who had protected the Duke at his inheritance. It is implied, too, that Ubaldini spoke scathingly of Alexander VI after 1502, when Duke Guidobaldo was exiled, but Ubaldini had died in 1498. It was this same Ubaldini who in February, 1497, found the 40,000 ducats needed to release Guidobaldo from the Orsini prison. Here Dr. Mallett's evaluation of the Pope's actions is far from perceptive. Indeed the circumstances warrant the speculation that the Pope was seeking the Duke's permanent imprisonment, and possibly his murder. The ransom money was eventually paid by the Orsini to the Pope. Thus the incompetence of one of the Pope's sons, Gandia, which had caused the Duke's capture, netted for the Pope a vast sum of money, which Cesare Borgia, a far more competent son, could use subsequently to Duke Guidobaldo's double disadvantage. The Borgia were far more tricky and ruthless than emerges in Dr. Mallett's smooth narrative; they were tuppence-coloured.

Field days in Florence

NICOLAI RUBINSTEIN (Editor): *Florentine Studies: Politics and Society in Renaissance Florence.* 548pp. Faber and Faber. £5 5s.
GIUSEPPE MARTINELLI (Editor) *The World of Renaissance Florence.* Translated by Walter Darwell. 289pp. Macdonald. £7 7s.

Fifteen essays concerned with the city and state of Florence of the Renaissance, defined by Professor Rubinstein in his editorial preface as the period "which stretches roughly from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century", are rammed into *Florentine Studies*. The collection, usefully subtitled "Politics and Society in Renaissance Florence", illuminates the work of fifteen established scholars. For those statistically minded, seven scholars are from the United States, seven are British, and one is French—which by chance reflects the fascination of the Florentine Renaissance for the English-speaking world. Each erudite study averages some thirty-five pages, every page so pregnant with five-hundred words above recondite notes, that glosses, a delight of Renaissance scholars, are impossible in the very narrow margins.

These contributors know their primary sources at first hand, and anyone interested in the Renaissance should find something to catch his interest, while the large battalion of Florentine experts will have something of a field day. The core of the studies incorporates archival researches of considerable depth, M. Charles de la Roncière's "Indirect Taxes or 'Gabelles' at Florence in the Fourteenth Century" has most archival references, which spread to two large pull-out tables. Professor Donald Weinstein's "The Myth of Florence" has none (though, of course, it is based on manuscripts and primary sources), being the least specialist and most readable and fascinating paper in the collection. It is the first.

As a whole, *Florentine Studies* is for a highly cultivated taste and tends to be indigestible. However, the collection has a wider application than may appear at first, for some of the more interesting essays can be linked to a larger study, usually written by the author of the essay. Thus the lines of argument of Dr. Charles Holmes's *The Florentine Enlightenment, 1400-50* (reviewed in the *TLS* on May 29) become crystal clear along side his essay "How the Medici became the Pope's Bankers". Dr. Michael Mallett's piece "Pisa and Florence in the fifteenth century . . ." serves as an epilogue to his splendid book: *Florentine Galleys . . .* (reviewed in the *TLS* on August 3, 1967). On the other hand, Dr. Daniel Waley, in investigating the ideal of civic militia, produces a prologue to Salvemini's *I balestrieri del Comune di Firenze* (Bari, 1905), which he avoids mentioning.

Another point comes forward. Each of the fifteen essays might as well have been published in a scholarly journal, in the sense that it stands alone, and actually is best read in connexion with some work other than the rest of *Florentine Studies*. Indeed reading other essays in the collection may prove something of a handicap. Much covered by Professor Weinstein's essay is touched upon in Professor Charles T. Davis's "Il buon tempo antico"; Dr. Peter Partner's "Florence and the Papacy in the Earlier Fifteenth Century" echoes Dr. Holmes's adjacent study. The articles are in no way integrated, and there are no cross-references (an exception is the editor's note on page 119 n.1).

Apparently the writers had no cognizance of the evidence and arguments advanced in the collection as a whole. Hence the reader has to make his own synthesis, come to his own conclusion, precisely on matters where the writers themselves are best informed. Again, pushing back in time to get at the root cause of things seems reasonable enough, and Dr. Waley does illuminate Machiavelli's idea of the citizen militia. Where is it going to end, for one must keep some shape? Certainly the first two sections of Dr. P. J. Jones's "From Manor to Mezzadria" seem strays, or better-still sports, from the *Cambridge Economic History of Europe*. Dealing with distinguished scholars, whose sense of affront often seems to grow with erudition, may require a light hand but in this collection a tighter editorial rein might have been no bad thing.

Implicit in the collection is that it represents the current trend of research in the field. Yet, for instance, to strengthen what has been said already, Professor Marvin Becker's "The Florentine Territorial State and Civic Humanism in the Early Renaissance" is tied to his two-volume *Florence in Transition* (reviewed in the *TLS* on May 29), which gets but one mention, even though it is an admirable synthesis of it. The report that the first printing of the collection was ruined in London floods, if not true, is *ben trovato*; certainly too, the volume was a long time surfacing. The essays were written several years ago and now appear as slightly damp fireworks, or to return to an earlier metaphor, stale *hors d'oeuvre*.

One can understand that the collection of essays on the Florentine Renaissance was launched because scholars were available, and the area immensely popular. But perhaps, too, this apparent strength is where the weakness lies: there is too much on Florence. Yet the criticisms of this collection should not prevent it becoming a pilot volume of a series of allied collections, rather than the sequel to *Italian Studies*, edited in 1960, as Dr. Jones suggests. It is an original approach, for the *Venetian Studies* and *Lombard Studies* of more than half a century ago were individually the work of a single author, Horatio F. Brown and the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco. It is a venture worth investing in and developing, with a different captain and another crew. For the Italian Renaissance alone one can envisage Lombardy, Venice and the Veneto, the courts of Ferrara, Mantua, Urbino, each illuminated in a volume of related essays. Here there is little available in English, almost nothing up-to-date, and scholars whose researches are less familiar.

The World of Renaissance Florence is the translation of a work that first appeared in 1964 under the title *Tutto su Firenze Rinascimentale*. It has the same broad chronological range as the collections of essays edited by Professor Rubinstein, and forms a useful supplement to this. It is essentially a colour picture-book illustrating the life of the city of Florence (the territory gets only slight mention in the section "Country life"). The accompanying text is by experts normally resident in Italy, if not themselves Italian (Professor Rubinstein is the one exception), and is highly readable in this translation, as well as being informed. It is a most attractive volume which students and scholars, even at university level, should not scorn. It is a pity that the source of all the illustrations, which are contemporary and excellent, is not given. One unnamed on page 151, for instance, is particularly topical, being a detail from "The Miracle of the Raven", a fresco from the Chiostro degli Aranci, Badia, Florence, recently on exhibition in London.

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THE TIMES

T·L·S

68th Year MODERN TOBER 1969 No. 3,531

Floruerunt

A bit more imagination and those scholastic shoppers' guides, like the *Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book*, to which parents resort in their indecision where best to intern their children, would have found room for a few school songs. A sinewy stanza or two, printed as relief from the prosaic catalogue of teachers, facilities and curricula, would have added bite if not conviction to a school's propaganda. But prospectuses are not the evasive rhapsodies they once were, and private schools no longer feel obliged to stand on high ground (in order to allay middle-class distrust of the unhygienic plains) or to brag of the dedication of the sanatorium sister (in case the altitude proves ineffective). Nowadays, the distinguished schools are to be told from the disgraceful by the size of their sixth form and the moderation of their rules.

No place is left, in fact, for the brazen pieties of most school songs, as anyone will confirm who consults a new anthology of more than 150 school hymns and songs published last week as, inevitably, *Forty Years On* (Sidgwick and Jackson. Pages unnumbered. 30s.). This nostalgic compilation is the work of Gavin Ewart, himself just forty years on from his first term at a public school (can the photograph on the jacket really be his *class* of 1929 as it claims? The bodies on display were far from equally developed even if the minds were), and songs have been supplied by boys' and girls' (but no mixed) schools in Britain, Australia, East Africa and the United States.

Mr. Ewart's one attempt to stretch his selection beyond Anglo-Saxon schools was rebuffed, as he mentions in his brief introduction: the Lycée Français in Kensington told him that school songs were "not customary in French schools". They were no doubt thinking of French state schools, the customs of French private schools, as fans of Henry de Montherlant or Roger Peyrefitte well know, being every bit as inward-looking as our own. But the school song is surely a creation of the boarding school and only works properly if it foments sufficient loyalty among scholars to the site and practices of their brief segregation to last them through the subsequent diaspora. Now that the segregation is less intense and the diaspora much less far-flung, the sentiments of many school songs sound splendidly unreal.

Forty Years On simply gives the words of the songs, indicating a tune only in the surprisingly few instances where it is a well-known one. Some schools are represented by a repertoire so extensive (thirty-one songs from Harrow that it would have been good to be told more about which song gets sung when and whether some of them are any longer sung at all. Is it credible, for example, that the boys of Uppingham could still take up their "Fives Song", one of the eleven hearty lyrics composed for them by their prolific headmaster, the Rev. F. Thring?

Thring was certainly not a man to pass up any occasion for adding a new song and his facility proves that the true writer of school songs was in the laureate business. This being so, it is no shock to come across contributions in *Forty Years On* from the last Poet Laureate, cheating a little over the forty-year rule and peering less comfortably into the future:

We can so live that after we are dead
They may find beauty here like daily bread

as well as from the present one, getting his hand in in 1929 on behalf of Larchfield School, Helensburgh. All that you gave our eager boyhood
How can we repay?
For you've taught us to go strong
When the ball is at our feet
And tackle any fate that comes.

Obviously a rugger school. Hastily shunting the author of a school song may have been he could have avoid this statutory salute by playing fields on avoid methods in making it. *Forty Years On* is the book to look to for the difficulties of spot, no rumless pun intended on here, only unforgettable bowlers and topless hits for). Alone W. H. Auden, in what is questionably the most truthful poem in the anthology, has had the audacity to introduce a character as lazy and devious as an off-break bowler.

In general, though, the songs Mr. Ewart has assembled are so varied as to defy consecutive appreciation and it was no doubt a clever idea to have left the pages unnumbered so that readers no longer know where they are heading or where precisely they have been. More valuable still this soundless anthology might have been a set of long-playing records just to prove that school songs are sung so loud that the words don't even need to be known. Failing that, Mr. Ewart might have that printing current parodies of school songs in honour of the dirty practised on the orthodox by children who are never asked to sing their own school songs and are able to sympathize with those that are written for them.

Commentary

Where the schools so bravely lead, the press can only follow. Admittedly one doesn't actually *hear* printers singing "From Thee, O Press! what blessings flow/Unworthy mortals here below!", or

Bring forth the PRESS!
When first that mighty shout was heard,
Truth rose, in radiant heit enshrined
The nations to address. . . .

—not even at chapel meetings, for which a touch of Moody and Sankey (not to mention Gabbitas and Thring) might well be thought appropriate. But we too have our songs, of which both the above are authentic examples, not, as might be thought, parodies. They come from two of four 14 by 20 inch broadsheets on Press Freedom, which the Printing Historical Society is distributing to its members: monumental early nineteenth-century examples of English typography, the other two being cartoons on the same theme by Grandville and the excellent Philipon, who is now best known as Daumier's publisher but was a courageous editor and draughtsman in his own right.

Admittedly it takes an historian of printing (in this case Mr. Berthold Wolpe, the Society's chairman) to disinter them; we at least have no knowledge of more modern examples, though perhaps one should try to write some. But there is also a matter of rather more topical interest in the technique used to print the broadsheets themselves, which have been finely reproduced on a Rotaprint small-offset machine originally designed for clerical use. And if Mr. Wolpe's prefatory note mentions that the champions of the press "were" obliged to defend its freedom it is also true that they still are. The editors of *Private Eye* would find his examples of interest in more than one respect.

* * *

The relaxation of literary censorship during the 1960s has, of course, led to the appearance of many books dealing much more openly with sex than ever before, and as a result the gap between serious literature and mere pornography has become much narrower: indeed it is sometimes difficult to distinguish any gap at all —as was noted by our Correspondent at this year's Frankfurt Book Fair (October 16). This has in turn led to increased interest in pornography itself, and there have been attempts to publish full versions of some of the classics of the English pornographic canon.

It is not necessary to admire such works to feel that it should at least be possible to read them, especially when they have some claim to literary merit or historical value—like *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (better known as *Fanny Hill* or *My Secret Life* (by the mysterious "Walter") respectively, which have both been published in this country but have failed to get through the courts, though they both circulate pretty freely in the United States.

The claims of pornography are even stronger in the case of works with some pretension to genuine scholarship. The classic example is the three bibliographical volumes of "Pisanus Fraxi" (the transparent pseudonym of Henry Spencer Ashbee)—*Index Librorum Prohibitorum, Centuria Librorum Absconditorum*, and *Catena Librorum Facendorum*—which share the characteristic subtitle, "Notes Bio-Bibliolcono-graphical and Critical on Curious and Uncommon Books". This remarkable work, containing nearly 2,000 pages of obsessive description of hundreds of pornographic books (and pictures) of all kinds, was privately printed between 1877 and 1885, but it has never been published openly in this country. Three facsimile reprints have appeared in the United States recently, and a one-volume digest edited by Mr. Peter Fryer is now on its way through the press.

All that we have so far is a paperback published this month under the title *Index of Forbidden Books* (432pp. Sphere. 8s.), which rightly identifies the author as Ashbee but wrongly identifies him with the author of *My Secret Life*, and which says nothing at all about the original edition or indicates that the hundred-odd chosen entries have been drastically cut—apparently to exclude the more bibliographical rather than the more pornographic material. The publication of such a travesty of what is, after all, a serious work is itself a powerful argument for a proper edition of all three volumes. But it is doubtful whether any publisher would be prepared to undertake such an enterprise in the present situation, when the unexpurgated *Fanny Hill* and *Candy* are obtainable only under the counter (or from across the Atlantic) while *Couples* and *Portnoy's Complaint* are best-sellers.

An illuminating and possibly instructive sidelight on this problem may be seen in the fate of the Private Case which houses the British Museum's fine collection of about 3,000 "Curious and Uncommon Books" (including Ashbee's bibliography). After a long campaign by various scholars, echoes from which frequently reached our correspondence columns, the decision was announced four years ago "to enter in the General Catalogue the erotica and sexological works contained in the Private Case". About a quarter of this task has been completed, we understand and at the same time some of the books involved have been moved from the Private Case to the ordinary shelves.

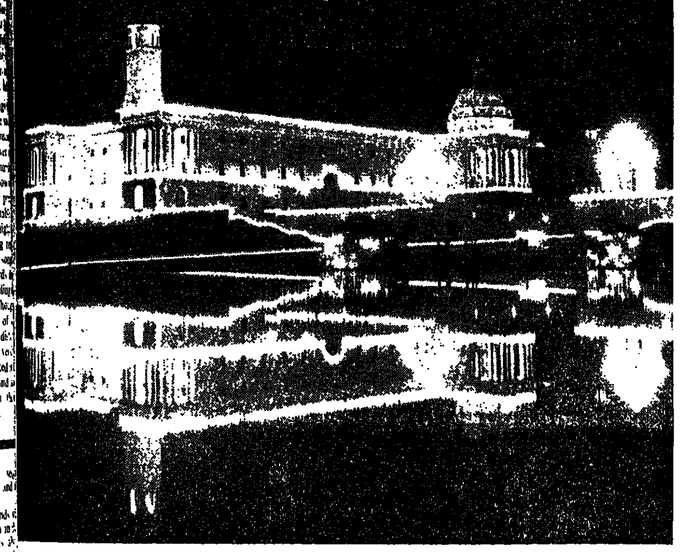
This means that it is becoming possible to find out what books of this kind there are in the British Museum and also easier to read them; it will be interesting to see whether anyone comes to any harm as a result. It is to be hoped that Ashbee's magnum opus will soon appear in the General Catalogue (its shelfmark, incidentally, is P.C. 18.b.9) and eventually come out of the Private Case altogether; it is also to be hoped that it will be republished in the normal way for readers who do not or cannot use the British Museum Library. (The next campaign there will presumably focus on the suppressed books in the "S.S." category—a more intractable though, one hopes, not an insoluble problem.)

* * *

The Vollard concept of book illustration is taking a long time to die. Now the Victoria and Albert Museum have produced one of their "Large Picture Books" which, yet again, treats illustration as essentially a matter of getting eminent easel artists (and or sculptors) to contribute prints more or less vaguely related to a text. In this pleasant looking volume by the Museum Library's deputy keeper T. M. MacRobert, entitled *Fine Illustrations in Western European Printed Books* and published by H.M.S.O. at 27s. 6d., not only are the twentieth-century contributions almost entirely confined to *Doves Caritas*, but "books" throughout has been stretched to embrace sets of prints (Rouault's "Miserere", picture sets (Rethel's "Dance of Death") and *Lorentanz*) and *albums* (the graphic arts.

No doubt it all depends on what is meant by "Fine", which in a different case merely signifies "expensive". At least one hundred years very few books have been included that could have been bought by readers rather than collectors. One wonders if the V. and A. will ever buy such works as *Rose and the Ring* or *Mr. Midshipman Easy* or *Mr. Midshipman Easy* or all those children's illustrated editions where the illustrations really marry with and enhance the text. It is high time the museum, rather than that other venerable institution the valuer, began to decide our values in this.

The end of the Raj



K. N. PANDEY: *The Break-up of British India.* 246pp. Macmillan. 40s. (Paperback, 18s.).

H. V. HODSON: *The Great Divide.* 563pp. Hutchinson. £4 4s.

Was partition inevitable? Did it lie "in the logic of Indian history", or was it an impracticable and reactionary solution from which neither India nor Pakistan has yet recovered? In his short study, *The Break-up of British India* (a new volume in the "The Making of the Twentieth Century" series), Dr. Pandey seeks an answer to these two questions and ends one in the proposition that the truth probably exists as it were in a no-man's-land across which the proponents of the two schools of thought still glare at one another.

His main preoccupation is with the rise and growth of the National Movement and of Muslim separatism, with "the struggle of Indian nationalism against Colonialism at the front and communalism at the back", and it is difficult to imagine a brief a form a clearer or more comprehensive study of these contributory factors to the creation of two independent dominions at the time of imperial withdrawal.

Although one may judge that Dr. Pandey's sympathies are with the Indian National Congress in its stubborn attempts to stand as a body and speak for all India, his partisanship does not extend to turning a blind eye to the mistakes Congress made, among which was the resignation from provincial office in 1939. The elections of 1937 had gone a long way to prove to Congress that what it had always held out to be—representative of all Indians—and that Muslim separatism was still a marginal movement, which to be taken seriously as an instrument to getting rid of the British. Pandey brings out clearly the euphoria of the 1937 years still persisted in 1939 and Congress to disregard the dangers stemming from office in protest at the involvement of India in the war, without consultation without guarantee of opportunity to fight Hitlerism as free men. The resignations left Jinnah's bitterly Muslim League virtually in control of the political field until 1945: long enough to give credibility to the romantic dream of a separate Muslim state.

From *The Break-up of British India* we see in panoramic focus how much Anglo-Indian politics from the Mutiny onwards seem to have depended on advantages taken or missed. In the post-Mutiny period the Hindu upper-class lilled the vacuum left by British withdrawal of trust and preference from Muslims. Towards the turn of the century the Muslims took advantage of the Indian government's fear of a rising nationalist middle-class which the government had helped to create and which was predominantly Hindu. The Indian government, of course, took advantage of whatever lay to hand, and there was by now plenty, in the form of growing communal jealousy and tension.

A prime cause of Muslim separatism was the tendency of upper-class Muslims—once they were back in favour—to cooperate with the *raj* against the restless Hindu middle-class, a class typified in the minds of the British by the Bengali *babu* who seemed to have learnt more than was good for him. The British were not slow to respond to aristocratic Muslim overtures. The foundations were therefore laid for the separate electorates and "weightage" which left most general administrative reforms looking far from hopeful from a national Indian point of view.

Throughout his book, Dr. Pandey emphasizes how closely the struggle for independence was linked with and hindered by what amounted to a class struggle within the various communities. Here, as in the field of western-style education, the Muslim community was backward in comparison with the Hindu. Until the Khilafat movement it could be said that there was no struggle among the Muslims in India, but only an elite that cooperated with the British, and a vast artisan and peasant community that lived in comparative harmony with its Hindu counterpart.

The Khilafat movement died of inanition when the Caliphate was abolished, but its fruit in Muslim terms was much the same as that plucked several decades earlier by the Hindus, who had their history and religion rediscovered for them, mostly by European scholars. The fruit was the communalism that can hardly fail to follow a period of spiritual revival; but in the Muslim community this communalism was still an elite affair. In the established Hindu upper and middle-classes, communalism already divided the westernized moderates and westernized political extremists from bourgeois Hindu reactionaries and terrorists. If the Hindu plot had long since begun to thicken, the Muslim plot still looked pretty thin. What was needed—if Muslim separatism was ever to amount to anything—was the creation of a vocal middle class. In 1937, as the elections showed, such a class did not exist communally within the Muslim community. That year, inspired by Gandhi, the Indian electorate spoke for the first—and last—time with an Indian national voice. The vocal Muslim middle class was created later by Jinnah, who seized the opportunity offered by the Congress resignations in 1939 to announce a day of liberation from a Congress Hindu *raj*.

* * *

Just how far Hindu extremism, in two years of Congress provincial authority, made itself felt by the Muslim community as a whole is still largely a matter for conjecture. There is room for a penetrating and detached study of the effects in the provinces of the Congress ministries. Nehru obviously thought tales of "Hindu" Congress tyranny over Muslim minorities so much eye-wash, the result of misunderstanding at best, of deliberate falsification at worst. Whatever the truth, Jinnah was not slow in 1939 to make the emotional point that heightened the political advantage of staying in power in those provinces where that was possible. For Jinnah, now, there was not only the opportunity of a separated Muslim authority but the explanation of its necessity. And to hand was a large, already separated electorate which if it did not actually represent a vocal middle class could be inspired by a member of the Muslim elite (Jinnah himself) to speak with a middle-class voice; which it did in the elections of 1945-46, when Indian independence was clearly visible on the horizon and the Congress had been in the political wilderness for four vital years.

The perpetually shifting ground upon which the drama of Anglo-Indian politics was played out is what both excites the imagination and interest and frustrates the instinct to plot a clear course to a logical conclusion. It may be that the question—was partition inevitable or an impracticable reactionary solution?—cannot be answered by concentrating on the internal politics of Anglo-India but by dismissing them as, in one sense, irrelevant, and looking to British home politics for a satisfactory explanation. Dr. Pandey is well aware of this other aspect of British involvement and responsibility. He accepts that Indian independence was an article of faith with the British Labour movement, memorably sums up the Mountbatten viceroyalty as being like a visit by a time-and-motion-study expert, and links the Indian independence movement to an internal social struggle that reflected a struggle of wider, international significance.

What he does not specifically do is examine the logic of these ideas, and this leaves him in a position of portraying the British almost exclusively in terms of the *raj*, of an administration exiled from the political pressures and social changes at home—which, if it did not actually divide and rule its jealously held possession, did more to assist division than it did to encourage unity.

But was this *raj* the body-politic from which the Indians wrested their freedom? The situation is clearer if we ask what would have happened if in 1945 a British electorate—for the most part ignorant of or indifferent to the jewel in the old imperial crown—had voted Churchill back in? Perhaps then the guts and grit of the Indian independence movement would have been proved beyond doubt, and Nehru, Gandhi, and Jinnah for more likely a successor to Jinnah, a man less publicly committed to the "mad" dream of Pakistan have joined forces to twist the archaic imperial arm. But the Indians were denied the opportunity of a real pre-war confrontation with the *raj* by Smuts in Pinner and Browns in Bolton, who gave their vote to Attlee. From July, 1945, Indian freedom was merely a matter of careful arrangement, and for this both the Indians and the *raj* were sadly unprepared. But Attlee was determined: hence the sacking of Wavell (the last Englishman, surely, to have pondered the complex problem in purely Anglo-Indian terms?) and the appointment of the time-and-motion-study expert who came, saw, and arranged. Through that glamorous viceregal figure, the methodical Attlee cut through the Anglo-Indian complexity like a piece of wire through cheese.

* * *

Dr. Pandey's book serves as an excellent introduction to *The Great Divide*, in which the growth of nationalism and Muslim separatism are dealt with comparatively briefly as a preliminary to a long, detailed and impressive account of the Mountbatten viceroyalty and Governor-Generalship of the newly created dominion of India.

Between 1941 and 1942, Mr. Hodson was constitutional adviser to Lord Linlithgow. His assistant and successor was the late V. P. Menon. He knew personally many of the men involved in the negotiations that led to partition, has had subsequent talks with several of them, and full access to Lord Mountbatten's India papers. The quotations from these papers, including some of those addressed to the Sovereign, are of absorbing interest.

At the outset, Mr. Hodson warns us that his sources and outlook are predominantly British. This is not to say that *The Great Divide* is a phased rearguard defence of the *raj*'s reputation. The author is well aware of its errors, opportunism and arrogance as well as of the devoted service given by many of its members. *The Great Divide* does, however, sound a familiar note. It hardens the handed-down image of the situation in which Mountbatten found himself as one in which the *raj*, offering independence and finding Indian leaders quite unable to agree the form in which it could be accepted, had to exercise great self-control not to throw its hands up in paternal exasperation.

Yet an historian must choose his parentheses. Those chosen by Mr. Hodson enclose the negotiations to demit authority and the consequences

of demission (the migrations and massacres, the Rurltanian tragcomedies of Junagadh, Kashmir, Hyderabad, and of the Indian princes in general); and in this context it is clear that Mountbatten and his staff did marvels. Mr. Hudson rescues Mountbatten from the odium of Dr. Pandey's reference to him as a mere time-and-motion-study man. Like his predecessor, Wavell, Mountbatten cared about Indian unity. He failed to conjure it. A charge often made against him is that, anxious to deal efficiently, he dealt too hastily. What Mr. Hudson proves, one may think beyond any doubt, is that the speed with which the imperial company was wound up was a mark not only of Mountbatten's energy and grasp of essentials, but of his humane approach to a human problem. The steam was running out of the administration because the administrators knew their days were numbered. The great adventure was over. It would have been unkind as well as dangerous to prolong the agony. It was the decision to quit that dictated the pace. The decision, made in Whitehall, according to a mandate, revealed the extent to which "unity" was a possibility and the extent to which it was illusory.

* * *

Mountbatten went out with a brief to transfer power within a specified time, preferably on the basis of the Cabinet Mission plan, in which were embodied arrangements to allow for Pakistan while preserving a central authority that would reflect the "real" legacy of the *raj* in India which in spite of communal diversity had become, under imperial influence, a united nation. Mountbatten very quickly discovered that it was the diversity he had to deal with. We do not know whether in this he saw evidence of the *raj's* failure or only of Muslim-Hindu intransigence. We do know, from Mr. Hudson's book, how manfully he struggled to create a "centre". In the Joint Defence Council set up to bridge the military problems of political separation he saw a chink through which consultation between the separated dominions might attract them back into each other's arms. He also made a melodramatic gesture which showed not only a fine theatrical sense of timing but a genuine desire to bring about, at the eleventh hour, a reconciliation.

At the close of the fatal meeting at which a "moth-eaten" Pakistan was created on the nod (literally, Jinnah's —pre-arranged to save his face, and which implied he had the Muslim League solidly behind him), the last Viceroy threw on to the table copies of a paper prepared by his hard-worked staff, entitled, *The Administrative Consequences of Partition*. It was meant to bring the politicians back to their senses. It appalled them, certainly; but to the end the insular, as distinct from imperial, British failed to understand the Indian genius for accommodating itself to chaotic conditions.

Perhaps if the *raj* had ever exerted itself to solve and not use the communal problem, Mountbatten's gesture might have gone down in history as the one that saved the day. But the *raj* had not so exerted itself. The day was already lost. The gesture, although causing a sensation, fell administratively flat. Why?

The answer probably is that what Mountbatten actually had to attempt was a parenthetical situation of his own; one which detached all that Britain had done and failed to do from what Britain now devoutly wished should follow and establish, in perpetuity, a monument to the noble aspirations that had supposedly always existed above and beyond the vulgarity of imperial pretension. Understandably, he failed. One does not, in a few emotional weeks, wipe out a century of cold, self-seeking appraisal of conditions that could be, and were, manipulated to imperial self-advantage.

All that is clear is that the creation of Pakistan nags at the British conscience. In this regard, Mr. Hodson makes two interesting statements which, granted their different contexts, still appear to be contradictory.

The question that the British people could address to their consciences was whether, in this transfer of power, their duty and their pledges to minorities and the weaker elements in Indian society had been discharged with honour. To the Muslims had been granted their supreme demand, separate nationhood. If this was not the best assurance for their future, the fault lay on Muslim heads, not British.

This passage seems unequivocal. But in his penultimate chapter he writes: Could it [partition] then, have been rightly and reasonably created? The path to the answer runs through a jungle of ifs and buts. Perhaps the most certain proposition is that Britain's transfer of power came too late to avoid partition. How much is difficult to assess. Perhaps only a year, perhaps ten years or more.

Here there seems to be some confusion between what was honourable and what was timely; the hint of a suggestion that a pledge to a minority, honourably discharged in 1947 to appease that minority's insistence that it should be, either had not been made even as late as 1946 or could have been ignored, just as honourably, if power had been transferred then instead of twelve months later.

* * *

It is probably useless to attempt to fix the date of the "pledge" to the Muslim minority. The *raj* was too wily an old bird to commit itself in such terms. What it is more profitable to examine is Mr. Hodson's hidden persuasive connexion of the phrase "weaker elements" with the word "minorities". In the context of the question of honourable discharge of pledges they cannot mean the same thing; and indeed didn't, although in the quoted passage they have in common an appeal to the democratic and liberal impulse to see justice done.

The hard answer is that justice did not come into it.

Jinnah, the representative of the Muslim minority, could never be described as or even connected with one of "the weaker elements". He was a bulldozer; an irresistible force, strengthened by years of encouragement offered by the imperial wheelers and dealers; a brown-skinned de Gaulle who learnt the value of the word "no". The creation of Pakistan surely cannot be seen as a result of honourable recognition of the rights of a minority? If it can be, then the Christians, Sikhs, Eurasians, tribesmen and Princes must be seen as having been thrown to the wolves. Pakistan—the impression is overwhelming—was the political price exacted by an encouraged, stubborn and indigenous minority power from an alien power now intent on resignation and equally stubborn in pursuit of its ideals and aims.

It may be argued that the supreme factor in the creation of Pakistan was the gulf that separated the British at home from the *raj*-in-exile. Ignorance and indifference at home had always aggravated the instinct of the men on the spot to guard, preserve and possess. Increasingly, in the first four decades of this century, there was a notable lack of sympathetic correspondence between them. The Englishman at home was demonstrably of the same species as his counterpart in India, but the emotional and intellectual climates they enjoyed might have been those of two quite different planets. The one was natural to the English genius for social and political thrust, restlessness. The other was stultifying and encouraged nothing so much as the instinct to stand by old values by sitting comfortably on them.

It was the latter type of Englishman with whom the Indians were used to dealing and from whom they took their cue. Did Attlee realize this? Did he hope that the sudden confrontation with the kind of men Englishmen really were would sweep the Indians off their feet, hypnotize them into agreeing without argument to what these representatives of modern Britain proposed? It is doubtful whether he saw it in such terms, but there is evidence of his expectation of this effect if not of his understanding of what would have been its cause. But just as one cannot wipe out in a week or so of warm-heartedness and open-handedness years of cold calculation, neither can one in the same period superimpose one historical image of a ruling power upon another and more familiar image.

Mr. Hodson is probably right when he suggests that Britain's transfer of power came too late to avoid partition; but a line must be drawn between an explanation of what did happen and an excuse for what did not. Partition came, historically, when it did, with the granting of independence. The Britain that was determined to give independence was not at all the same Britain (the Indian Congress had fought and the Muslim League (by and large) had cooperated with. Partition was inseparable, one may argue, from the determination of the now existing Britain to force independence upon the "India" that also existed at that time. Partition, one may then continue to argue, lay in the nature of British domestic history, in the unfortunate creation of a Cornwall Street electorate which did and still does not know a Pakistan from an Indian, and so tably now describes both as grants, it entrance into headquarters of the Commonwealth is sought or effected by either.

* * *

One aspect of the situation neither of these engrossing pays much attention to is the approach to nationhood which ted the intellectual wing of the gress and which was eventually ten into the Constitution. Nehru, a statesman who existed above melodrama of religious argument, Jinnah one who used the argument to gain political ponds had not always been. One of biggest scares the old *raj* had in 1916 Lucknow Pact between League and the Congress when nah, who had earlier left the for the former, with no hard feelings attempted to awaken the germs of Muslims from "the coma of torpor" into which they had fallen to a sense of common nationhood. pose. This could hardly have what Minto had in mind, at least believe, when he responded to request of a Muslim deputation headed by the Aga Khan) that separate electorates in a way which Minto described as "the pulling of 62 millions of people from the ranks of the seditious". tion" Minto can only have the Muslim League as a against such "sedition". From from the *raj's* point of view, League-Congress entente was lived, a situation which no continued the *raj* in its opinion that Muslim-Hindu was sided only as a pious hope which every so often to be expressed trial to then civilizing policy. haps, truly, it never could have made more than that; but it cult to point to any Anglo whose career was dedicated task of bringing unity about. battlement, bricked at home to "India", found that there was such place. That there was the main charge to be answered the nation that ruled the continent for nearly 100 years, and enced it for many more.

To the Editor

Leonard Woolf

Sir,—I regret very much that Leonard Woolf, in his posthumous volume of autobiography, *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters*, should have chosen to re-open old wounds in his account of the break-up of our partnership in the Hogarth Press during 1945 and 1946. I purposely avoided going into unhappy details in my own account in *I Am My Brother*, because by the time that book was published (1960) it seemed to me that we had become very good friends again. This impression was reinforced by his sympathetic and tolerant remarks about my early days at the Hogarth Press in *Downhill All the Way*. His story, however, of the events which led to final parting of the ways is, in my opinion, inaccurate and misleading, and I feel bound to present my side in a way I have refrained from doing before. I only wish I had been able to argue it out with him while he was alive, as, underneath our "hostilities", my admiration for his great attainments never varied.

To begin with, from the start of our new association in 1938 right through to 1943, a period which included Virginia Woolf's death, the harmony of our relationship was, essentially, unbroken. I have a letter from Virginia to my mother, who had written to praise her biography of Roger Fry, in which Virginia says (July, 1940):

> It's a hard time to bring a book out, and I'm specially sorry on John's account. He's been so hard on him, beginning his work with the war. All the same, both Leonard and I feel that the partnership is turning out a great success, at any rate from our point of view. Six years since Leonard has had such a free time. And I'm sure when the war ends, John will make a great success of it.

This promising state of affairs lasted over Virginia's death. For about two years after that tragic event Leonard Woolf seemed only too happy that I was there to cope with the management of the Press. We used to meet frequently, in London or at Rodmell, to discuss business and literary affairs, and to laugh and gossip over everything else. I can scarcely remember the shadow of a cloud over our relationship.

Then, about 1943, the relationship changed. I have never been able to understand why, though it is true that, in the circumstances of the war, I had occasionally to take decisions (not editorial) without waiting for Leonard's full approval. It was a time when I was deeply occupied with the rising success of *Penguin New Writing*. From that time on, the record shows that our disagreements grew more embittered, though I am sure that I constantly tried to reduce the temperature. They were by no means always about publishing books, as he suggests.

For instance, in the autumn of 1944 there was a violent row over Virginia's foreign rights. I fear I have to quote from a painful letter I wrote to him on December 5:

> I am glad you have now come into the open with your view of this episode, because it gives me an opportunity to state my view. When, at your house a few weeks ago, I saw which way you were taking it, I was so appalled that you should so wilfully misconceive me, particularly in a matter concerning Virginia, and evidently wish to start another quarrel, that I was unable to say anything and felt that I had to leave the house as quickly as possible. But even so, I had no idea that you could put such a vicious misinterpretation on my attitude as you now reveal. I never had the slightest intention of causing you any unpleasantness over this matter of V's foreign rights; I initiated a careful research into it for our mutual benefit, but when you complained about the way it was being handled, I pointed out that we were in some difficulty because the fact that the Press was never paid for its services in the matter had confused the question of who should hold the files of it. I did not suggest that the Press ought to be paid, though as General Manager as well as Partner I had a perfect right to suggest it; I said that we were delighted to continue to do it free, but wanted all the papers if so. I meant what I said, and I meant it politely; I would never wish to make any difficulties about V.W. and you ought to know it by now.

In *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters* Leonard says that during the six years of our partnership he "never actually vetoed the publication of a book. John wished to publish" is inaccurate. In fact, one of the troubles (though as I have pointed out the only trouble) in the last was that he did on many occasions object to the publication of books I had the opportunity and the publish: they included Sartre, Jean-Paul Sartre, and W. H. Auden's *Journeyman*. My dismay at these reactions Leonard chooses to "hysterical".

It is equally inaccurate in my for Leonard to suggest that he inking that I might want to the partnership, because in a letter me of September 9, 1945, he challenged me to do so, where you feel that the partnership factory and that it should be dated, you should take the only steps to terminate it." This did arose not, as he says, because I to alter the terms of our partnership agreement "that no book should be published unless both partners its publication", but because agreements had become so that I suggested the solution of ing a small parallel firm—for I liked and Leonard didn't, because tirely by myself. I said in my that one outstanding advantage a solution would be that (under rationing restrictions) he able to feel that the rejection stance, of Virginia's books being delayed for a possible author put forward by me."

When I wrote my letter of 24, 1946, which so surprised" Leonard, I said that I specifically replied to his September 9 before, rather because I wanted to be cleared up for you as mine, before any crisis pitated, than because I searching vainly for such our Articles of Partnership the Drawings Account by I wanted; the staff come; above all, I terms connected with London to be solved

back to our unsettled personal differences.

Leonard rebukes me, in my opinion a curiously disgreeable way, a variance with the tone he previously adopted in writing of association—for wanting to expand". I might say much; but I ask if he were alive I would content myself with referring him to his own words in *Downhill All the Way*, about own publishing a quarter of a century before: "In 1920 I felt in my bones that the Hogarth Press, the universe and so many things with it, must either expand or explode or dwindle and die; it was too young vigorous to be able to sit still and survive." In superior fashion, he rubs the truth that the Hogarth Press survived and my new firm didn't, quite forgetting, not merely the tie-up with resources of Chatto and Windus, the fact that the Hogarth had what didn't, i.e. a back list of "bread and butter" books which included Virginia Woolf's works and the works of Sigmund Freud. I had brought Christopher Isherwood, Henry Green, William Sansom, Laurie Lee, Jiří Mucha and a number of poets including Roy Fuller, Terence Tiller to the Press, and I wanted to go on with other new authors, particularly continental and American, the opportunity to publish whom was ceasing before me. I *did* publish them at John Lehmann Ltd., and they included André Malraux, Raymond Queneau, Cesare Pavese, Mario Soldati, Nikos Kazantzakis, Ivan Bunin, Tennessee Williams, Paul Bowles, Gore Vidal, Theodore Roethke as well as others I have already mentioned in my agreements with Leonard; but my aim did not come to an end because of these authors, as Leonard implies, but different reasons, the bitter story of which I have told elsewhere.

JOHN LEHMANN.

35 Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Colonels

Sir,—I have only recently seen Mr. Clogg's letter to you (October 16) concerning my review of Kenneth Young's *The Greek Passion* (October 2). Perhaps it will be best if I first take his points in detail.

(1) To assert that Eleni Vlachou's newspapers removed their support from Karamanlis before his departure to Paris is far from preposterous; though how far George (much less Andreas) Papandreou benefited from this ad hoc cooking-off is quite another matter. My own impression is that as the Court blew hot or cold, so did *Kathemerini*. During the years that followed Mrs. Vlachou made no secret of her hostile attitude to both Papandreous, which Mr. Young duly records in detail. I note that Mr. Clogg (unlike Mr. Young) keeps discreetly quiet about two sore points: Mrs. Vlachou's failure to compensate her staff at the time *Kathemerini* closed down, and her remarkable editorial volte-face after her departure abroad, when, to quote Mr. Young, she "adopted most of the left-wing attitudes, such as anti-N.A.T.O., which she had once so fervently castigated in *Kathemerini*".

(2) I would very much like to know just where Mr. Young confuses Spiros Markezinis and Colonel Nicholas Makarezos. A run-through reveals the former correctly ascribed on pages 247, 258, 270, 271, 295, 310, 315, 316, 393 and 500, the latter on pages 330, 333, 340, 361, 365, 369, and 415. If the error noted by Mr. Clogg does exist anywhere, it is clearly the result of a trivial slip; whereas the clear implication in his letter is that Mr. Young was so ill-informed he could not tell one man from the other.

(3) In this connexion one can deal with most of the minor (and generally non-functional) inaccuracies which Mr. Clogg sets such store. Readers with long memories will recall a remarkable letter from Mr John Carswell which once appeared in these pages, listing the innumerable misquotations which dotted Mr. Colin Wilson's book, *The Outsider*. Mr. Young seems to share the same compulsive urge to get small details wrong. Perhaps I should have taken him more severely to task for this, but other matters seemed more important. As it happens, however, Mr. Clogg has chosen an unfortunate example on which to demonstrate his expert knowledge of colloquial modern Greek. His dictionary, of course, tells him that no such adjective as ψηφοθήρας exists and he at once convicts Mr. Young of an elementary howler. Obviously his Greek friends are too polite to tell him that what Mr. Young reproduced was a dirty, and admittedly excruciating, army pun (an even dirtier version exists, which I forbear to reproduce).

The plural of the Greek word for "bread", ψωμί, is often used with a sexual connotation, e.g., in the well-known phrase, ξέρει ψωμί τι ψωμί θέλει, i.e., "he's a bit past it"—so used, incidentally, by the subtitler for the Greek screening of *Blow-Up*. And is excretion the *only* bodily need, even in Greece? Ναί, ναί!

(4) I admit the demotion of Makriyannis; this was a stupid copying-slip that not, I fear, due to the abysmal ignorance Mr. Clogg implies; no one enjoys the *Memoirs* more than I do. Anyway, for that I apologize.

(5) Would Mr. Clogg care to name, publicly, three people more active in the "White Terror" this romantic pejorism, not minor, after the Varkiza Agreement, than George Grivas? If so, I shall take great pleasure in adding them to my private rogues' gallery.

(6) Since Mr. Young asserts that perpetrators of torture have been punished, I leave him to provide details if he so chooses. I agree that he would have done well to mention the odd case of the defecting witnesses at Strasbourg. The reason why my review did not was that I had already dealt with one such case of omission, and another would have been otiose. In any case, as Mr. Clogg should be well aware, a counter-theory exists to the effect that the whole episode was a communist-inspired plot with Andreas Papandreou somewhere at the bottom of it. In this case, having no reliable private channel of information, and thus no means of judging between one version and the other except in terms of personal prejudice, I chose to keep quiet. Again, if Mr. Clogg has some reliably documented evidence to impart, I shall be delighted to hear it.

(7) On the Maurice Fraser affair, I entirely agree with Mr. Clogg, but I did not, and do not, think it important enough to waste space on in a review. How Mr. FitzGibbon, whom in other respects I much admire, can be so sure that the torture allegations were either all communist lies (or now, it would seem, all horrid truth) defeats me. I hold by my cautious attitude.

(8) Warts, omissions, mis-spellings, inaccuracies and all, I still maintain that Mr. Young's book is *arguably* (observe the arguments!) the "most valuable book on modern Greek politics in the English language". When I wrote that I had both the books Mr. Clogg mentions (and a number of others he doesn't) at my elbow. Apart from anything else, neither Campbell and Sherrard nor Woodhouse cover the events during and after the Colonels' coup in anything but the most cursory manner (they devote seventeen and six pages to them respectively); and, on internal evidence, would not appear to have had access to such confidential sources of information, all round the political spectrum, as Mr. Young. However, when Mr. Young brings out his second edition, perhaps they (and Mr. Clogg) would care to form an editorial board and pull the rest of his more erratic chestnuts out of the fire?

YOUR REVIEWER.

'The Joke'

Sir,—All my life long I have been protesting against the mutilation of works of art in the name of an ideological doctrine as practised in the socialist countries of Europe. I read the Russian version of *Gephen's Dewounding* by Tennessee William, several years ago. When I read the play again in its Czech translation, I understood that Val's revolutionary proclamations had only been put in for the use of Russian readers. I also remember seeing a play of mine performed in Moscow in 1963: a sentimental love scene had been added and the end had been completely altered. I protested in vain against this, as the U.S.S.R. is not a member of the international copyright convention. Or the reminiscence of sad negotiations at the Czechoslovak office of censorship during the late 1950s: I had to witness with rage how whole paragraphs of my essay were disappearing. For a certain time I am not willing to accept the slightest intervention in my texts, even if this should mean that they will not be published owing to my attitude. The manuscript of my novel *The Joke* had been waiting for four months at the office of censorship because I refused any change—not a single word. In the end, the novel was published in 1967 without any alteration whatsoever.

Such is my experience, and I do not doubt that the Western public feels sympathetic with it. This sympathy, however, ceased to move me when, a short time ago, I began to leaf through the English translation of *The Joke* (reviewed in the *TLS*). I discovered and I would like to draw the attention of anyone in England possibly interested upon this fact that the publisher (Macdonald) has merely considered my text as a free basis for bizarre inventions of manipulators. Individual chapters have been shortened, rewritten, simplified, some of them omitted. Their order of sequence has been changed. The whole text has been cut up into pieces and put together in a daring "montage" so as to form a completely different book.

I do not doubt that the English publisher has bought up my book in good faith that this would improve the sales. In Moscow, my play had been altered in good faith that this would help to obtain easy permission to stage it. Neither in Moscow nor in London did anyone care whether I approved the changes or not. The mentality of a London bookseller and that of a Moscow official responsible for art seem to have a mysterious kinship. The depth of their contempt for art is equally unfathomable. This is of course not the heart of the matter. I only wanted to ask the English reader not to read *The Joke* if he is interested in books by writers rather than in books by manipulators.

MILAN KUNDERA.

Union of Czech Writers, Narodní 11, Prague 1

Writing about Music

Sir,—In reply to Frank Howes's letter (October 16), I remember the time when he decided, in the distinguished pages of *The Times*, that Schoenberg wasn't, strictly speaking, a composer at all. At that stage, *The Times* did not sign its critiques; they were presumed to come from the Holy Ghost.

HANS KELLER.

3 Frognal Gardens, London, N.W.3.

Isaac D'Israeli

Sir,—Your reviewer of my book, *Isaac D'Israeli* (October 2) says my critical comments "give the impression of a mind not working at its full stretch". He finds

> one very funny sentence . . . but unfortunately the humour is probably unintentional: "The strong evangelical party was insisting that Christians owed the Jews a debt of shame for the past centuries of persecution; and societies were founded for converting them to Christianity."

Unfortunately the humour, or rather irony, is intentional, like that of the entire paragraph from which this sentence is quoted and of other parts of the book; but your reviewer's comment, I suppose, does give some impression of a mind working at its full stretch.

JAMES OGDEN.

Department of English, University of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Bipedal prisoners of the environment

ADOLPH H. SCHULTZ *The Life of Primates*. 281pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 3s.

DESMOND MORRIS *The Human Zoo*. 256pp. Cape. 35s.

Of the three volumes dealing with mammals in the "Weidenfeld and Nicolson Natural History", Professor Schultz's is devoted solely to the order Primates, which contains fewer than 5 per cent of the rather more than 4,200 living species. The reason for the apparent disproportion is the special interest to man of the order to which he belongs, and the great importance given its other members in recent years for medical, psychological and behavioural research.

Professor Schultz, who has spent half a century studying the primates, gives an account of the life of the animals from the point of view of a physical anthropologist. He throughout emphasizes the correlation of structure with function in describing the life and behaviour of primates, from their origins in the remote past to their present condition. He gives particular attention to the results of comparative studies that are essential to an understanding of man, and has produced a masterly volume that will be appreciated by both the specialist and general reader.

After an historical introduction and a survey of the primates, Professor Schultz deals with the present and past distribution of the order in time and space and the factors determining them, before going into detailed consideration of selected subjects in primate differentiation. They include anatomical matters such as the skeleton, skin, brain, and special sense organs, and physiological ones such as posture, growth and reproduction.

In the chapter on posture and growth the author points out that normally all non-human primates spend more than half their lives in sleep and rest, and that when sitting for rest or stationary feeding monkeys and apes generally hold the trunk nearly upright, and thus are well prepared for the ease with which they can also assume an erect bipedal posture. He might well have added that very similar conditions apply to man; although man is bipedal when walking he has not really become at ease on his feet, even after the million years of evolution by his ancestors towards this stance. How much of his time does the average person, especially the town dweller, spend standing up? On every possible occasion throughout the day he sits down to relieve his legs from weight, and his abdominal muscles from the work of preventing his viscera from slipping if he does not, he is liable to infliction with varicose veins, and hernias for his adaptation is not complete.

His brain, though larger, does not differ structurally from that of the apes, and it has highly developed glutei muscles which hold him upright, that distinguish him from the other primates it is not in his top but in his bottom that he is unique. This fits Bolk's theory of the foetalization of man, which Professor Schultz does not wholly accept, for not only does the face of aging man come to resemble the wrinkled face of the chimpanzee, and his sagging belly that of the gorilla, but his withered buttocks also bring nearer his resemblance to an ape—and like the apes, too, he suffers from arthritis with advancing years.

The chapter on reproduction, mortibility and mortality imprinted in the running headlines as "morality"—contains some unfamiliar information about the accidents and diseases of wild primates, animals one tends to think of as always in perfect health and fitness which are swiftly liquidated as soon as disability strikes. On the contrary, many are carriers of malaria, filariasis, yellow fever and other virus diseases, and whole populations are sometimes wiped out by epidemics. Thousands also suffer from dreadful toothache, generally resolved by the loss of teeth and the formation of necrotic drainage channels. More surprising is the high proportion of wild monkeys with healed fractures of the bones; the occupational hazards of a life spent leaping among the branches of trees evidently lead to many spectacular crashes. Very extensive lacerations of skin and muscle heal with surprising speed and success, often leaving hardly a scar.

It is a mystery, however, that wild primates with multiple severe fractures of limb bones, jaws and even the brain case can survive in their jungles sufficiently long for adequate repair of such seemingly fatal injuries.

The chapter on behaviour gives a summary of recent work on the social organization of the non-human primates, and shows the difference between individual and social behaviour. An immense amount of scientific information has been accumulated in recent years, in contrast to the casual anecdotal observations of the past, but it concerns only a small fraction of the order, and much remains to be done.

In concluding his final chapter on the evolutionary trends of the primates, Professor Schultz emphasizes that man, the most successful of the primates, is seriously interfering with the survival of the other members of the order by using them "in staggering numbers" for laboratory research, and by ruthlessly restricting their natural habitats with widespread deforestation for gaining new land in the competition for food.

The book is attractively presented, and is embellished with interesting photographic plates, though the colour printing of makari monkeys makes them pale ghosts of their fiery-faced reality. The outstanding illustrations, however, are the beautiful and most skilfully drawn text figures from the hand of the author himself.

The Life of Primates might well have served as a source book for much of the factual information in *The Human Zoo*, in which Dr. Morris examines the behaviour of urbanized man from the point of view of an ethologist. As he points out, the familiar cliché often applied to life in cities, "the concrete jungle", is a false analogy, for domesticated men are more truly like animals living in captivity with its artificial environment. In considering various aspects of human behaviour under urban conditions, it is often relevant to compare them with the patterns of behaviour shown by animals in zoos; the less complicated situation of the animal illuminates that of the more complex one of man.

Dr. Morris's book is the subject of much sensational publicity, but it is not, as the publicists seem to imply, a piece of licensed pornography masquerading under the disguise of popular science. It is a serious exploration of the causes of social and anti-social behaviour under the advantages and stresses of life in large communities, written in non-technical language to bring the thoughts of ethologists before the general reader. Naturally there is much about sex and sexual behaviour, because sex and the sexual instincts, whether expressed or repressed, play such a large part in the lives of everyone. The objective point of view and language, which are taken for granted by biologists, may shock the semi-educated and their semi-literate teachers who, in spite of a permissive society, are still enslaved by prudery and illogical inhibitions.

It is a good thing for all to be jolted into realizing that we are part of biology, and that we cannot escape from the biological principles that govern all processes of life and behaviour, both of man and of other animals. The book is lively, interesting and sympathetic: it should be read by everyone who would understand himself and his fellows if those in power had some knowledge of the causes of animal and human behaviour we might be better governed.

Dr. Morris traces the rise of civilizations and large communities from small tribal groups, in which all were known personally to their fellow tribesmen, to the impersonal relationships of those dwelling in towns. Impersonal relationships are not biologically sound, and the survival of large communities under the stresses that they produce is "an astonishing testimony to our incredible ingenuity, tenacity and plasticity as a species". This survival is traceable to the behaviour and social organization of some kinds of monkeys, where there is social cooperation when facing outwards but social competition when facing inwards. In considering the outwards-facing situation, Dr. Morris points out that in early days there was so much land and so few men that there was plenty of room for all, but when numbers rose too high inter-tribal clashes became inevitable. The leaders were at first personally involved in fighting, but are now able to send men to their deaths from the safety of an armchair or were until the invention of nuclear weapons put them back in the front line.

Perhaps, instead of nuclear disarmament, what we should be demanding is the destruction of the deep concrete bunkers they have already constructed for their own protection.

In discussing how the existence of in-groups and out-groups makes for internal cohesion within each group he also shows the importance of out-groups as targets for the hostility of in-groups. When for any reason the hostility cannot be expressed, the internal cohesive forces are weakened by the pressures and stresses within the super-tribe, and sub-groups then appear. If severe inequalities exist between the sub-groups,

their normally healthy competition will erupt into violence. Pent-up sub-group aggression, if it cannot combine with the pent-up aggression of other sub-groups to attack a common, foreign enemy, will vent itself in the form of riots, persecutions and rebellions.

This, surely, is a major cause of much of the violence and unrest seen today, especially among younger people. The author does not make the point, but it may well be that those born during and after the Second World War are frustrated, bored, and spoiling for a fight; the war ended twenty-four years ago and it is high time for a new one to unite the tribes and work off aggression—it is only the threat of nuclear war that deters the leaders from indulging the unconscious wishes of their subjects. What of the "Spirit of Dunkirk" when England faced a hostile world alone? Never before or since has there been such a united nation.

In the final chapter the [illegible] between the games of c[illegible] the "stimulus struggle" [illegible] is stressed. The child [illegible] environment, the adult [illegible] but if, by combining [illegible] with its different toys, the [illegible] adult" can make more [illegible] than he started with, [illegible] been creative. The author [illegible] modern education has [illegible] strides in encouraging [illegible] but remarks that it has [illegible] way to go before it can [illegible] rid itself of the urge [illegible] creativeness. The Establ[illegible] horrified by the conseque[illegible] unrest, but it has brought [illegible] itself. The educational auth[illegible] literally asked for it. "[illegible] yourselves", they said, "be [illegible] be active, be inventive." [illegible] themselves in the same [illegible] added: "But do it on our [illegible] way, and above all avoi[illegible] rituals."

Those who conform, [illegible] rituals are over and the ex[illegible] passed, are accepted as [illegible] bers of society. If we are [illegible] however, the human zoo is [illegible] increasingly like an animal [illegible] tiny cages full of twitchi[illegible] captives.

Looking to the future [illegible] says that if tomorrow's [illegible] men feel themselves trap[illegible] planner's prison they [illegible] prison riot, and will [illegible] environment to be able [illegible] again. We inherit certain [illegible] weaknesses and strengths [illegible] ignore or disobey at our [illegible] politicians and leaders, [illegible] biologists as well as sch[illegible] and realize that beneath [illegible] of paper-work there is [illegible] animal. "A primitive [illegible] masquerading as a civilis[illegible] tribal citizen". Man may [illegible] tive to turn his human a[illegible] magnificent human gamet[illegible] if he does not, it will prob[illegible] a gigantic lunatic asylum [illegible] hideously cramped animal [illegible] of a zoo.

The exploratory dialogue

P. B. MEDAWAR: *Induction and Intuition in Scientific Thought*. 62pp. Methuen. 16s. (Paperback, 7s.).

It is rare for a working scientist to write on scientific method, but this is not really surprising. An investigation of scientific method is not science but philosophy. It cannot, of course, be conducted in ignorance of what men of science actually do, and there may be advantages in the man of science personally carrying out the investigation, as in the case of Sir Peter Medawar, Nobel prize-winner and as dedicated a biologist as could be desired; but in so far as he carries out the study himself he ceases to be a scientist and becomes a philosopher. (The dividing line is admittedly difficult to draw, but it exists.)

For a long time science was supposed in England to be inductive, deriving generalizations from the study of a large number of particular instances. Bacon in the seventeenth century and J. S. Mill in the nineteenth gave currency to this view, but neither had any close knowledge of the way in which science really progresses, and in practice this was not the way. "We cannot", Sir Peter truly says, "browse over the field of nature like cows at pasture", and any adequate account of scientific method must include a theory of incentive or special motive. We look for facts of a certain nature and conduct experiments with an object in view.

Though induction has its proper place, in Sir Peter Medawar's view science advances mainly by what he calls the hypothetico-deductive method. According to this view, science in its forward motion is not logically propelled. Scientific reasoning is an exploratory dialogue that can always be resolved into two voices or two episodes of thought, imaginative and critical, which alternate and interact. An hypothesis is formulated by a process which is outside logic and may be called intuition; but the hypothesis, once formulated, is exposed to logical or practical criticism, usually by experimentation.

There is nothing fundamentally new in this view. As Sir Peter observes, hints of it can be found in Robert Hooke, Stephen Hales and Robert Boscovich; there are passages in Kant's lectures which show that he had a clear understanding of it; in the nineteenth century the writings of Whewell, Jevons, Peirce and Bernard (more influential in his own country than in Great Britain) made it the orthodox opinion against Mill, and in recent years it has been brilliantly expounded by Sir Karl Popper. What Sir Peter Medawar does is to relate it to the thought of our own time, to give current examples drawn especially from the biological sciences (though he has also some unexpectedly good refle[illegible] tions on the hierarchical [illegible] ments of geometries) and [illegible] ultimately of all—to [illegible] analogy with the engine[illegible] cept of feed-back, which [illegible] much into current life and [illegible] neatly defines as "the c[illegible] performance by the conve[illegible] the act performed".

Sir Peter's analysis is in [illegible] convincing that it is a p[illegible] revived (quite unnecessarily [illegible] Clifton's "Statistical Imp[illegible] the Efficacy of Prayer". T[illegible] a subject that can be st[illegible] examined because every [illegible] accompanied by the petitio[illegible] or tacit, "Nevertheless, not [illegible] but Thine be done". The [illegible] shows an elementary mis[illegible] ing of the nature of pray[illegible] must surely have been as [illegible] the University of Philadelp[illegible] these chapters were delivered [illegible] Jayne lectures last spring, a[illegible] printed form today.

R. D. Laing's *Self and [illegible]* (Tavistock Publications [illegible] new and extensively revised [illegible] of a book published in 1960 [illegible] tially, it is an essay on the [illegible] tionships from a standpoint [illegible] between psychoanalysis and [illegible] tialism, and is written with [illegible] liveness and skill. The [illegible] observations, in particular [illegible] peculiarly haunting, [illegible] though little fresh material [illegible] added, there has been a [illegible] of rearrangement and the [illegible] have been up-dated. As [illegible] Dr. Laing's work and [illegible] there are many and [illegible] disappearance of [illegible] humane study.

The ancient Greeks idealized

VICTOR EHRENBERG: *From Solon to Socrates*. Greek History and Civilisation during the Sixth and Fifth Centuries. 493pp. Methuen. £2 10s. (Paperback, 25s.)

[illegible] History of Greece in the sixth [illegible] fifth centuries B.C. presents an [illegible] Janus-like double face to the [illegible] reader. Open almost any [illegible] history, or a popular compila[illegible] with some such title as *The [illegible] Miracle* or *The Golden Age [illegible] Pericles*, and you can count on [illegible] being bludgeoned into semi-con[illegible] by a string of time-hal[illegible] eulogistic clichés. Expository [illegible] assurance is matched by a relent[illegible] elevation to the skies of the sub[illegible] Adverse criticism seldom [illegible] and tends to err on the [illegible] side when it does—for [illegible] the hoary old political myth, [illegible] out yet again in *From Solon to Socrates*, that by the end of [illegible] fifth century "democracy had [illegible] degenerated into mob rule". Too [illegible] classicists, though they pay lip-[illegible] to a liberal ethic, remain fun[illegible] authoritarians at heart, men [illegible] dearly love a benevolent despot [illegible] provided he can offer their pupils [illegible] uplift. (Peisistratus is [illegible] nice case in point: how [illegible] separate the dictator from [illegible] religious propagandist, or [illegible] either of them with the civic-[illegible] economist who laid the foun[illegible] of Athens's future greatness [illegible] a cultural capital?) Unlike the [illegible] Socrates, whom they [illegible] (despite his anti-social, not [illegible] say morally disruptive, ethics) as [illegible] paragon of all the virtues, they [illegible] prefer to frame familiar *obiter dicta* [illegible] rather than worry themselves or their [illegible] readers with awkward questions. Any [illegible] stigma will do to beat a stigma.

It would be hard to guess from [illegible] such writers' confident, didactic, [illegible] smoothly marshalled paragraphs that much of the period they are discuss[illegible] is worse-documented than any [illegible] other in Greek history, bristling with [illegible] interpretative cruxes and chrono[illegible] logical ambiguities, a mine-riddled [illegible] no-man's-land where specialists regu[illegible] barly blow themselves up on their own [illegible] highly charged theories, or slowly [illegible] bleed to death on the barbed wire [illegible] of hostile counter-argument and [illegible] rebuttal. Redoubts bearing such [illegible] grim labels as "Pentakontaetia", "Lycurgan Reforms", "Periclean Imperialism", "Troezen Decree" [illegible] "Cleisthenic Legislation" are [illegible] regularly assaulted (though never [illegible] captured for long) by bold commando [illegible] raids, which might well win more [illegible] objectives if they spent less time lob[illegible] ging hand-grenades at each other en [illegible] route. Epigraphists, archaeologists and numismatists snipe away with rare verve from mutually inaccessible foxholes, and are much in demand as mercenaries: literary historians on both sides regularly employ them to support the most *outré* theories, while at the same time taking care to disclaim any professional knowledge of the techniques they employ.

It might be supposed that these two approaches to classical Greek historiography were divergent if not irreconcilable, but close study of both soon reveals a number of significant common features. One finds the same cultural closed-shop mentality, the same apparent indifference to modern critical methods, or indeed to any non-classical discipline—symptoms indicative of a deep underlying conservatism. One also, more surprisingly, too often encounters a certain aesthetic rigidity, not to say obtuseness, which tends to disguise itself as sound scholarly contempt for merely emotional opinions. Exceptions exist, and are becoming increasingly common as time goes on; but it is still hard to find a first-class critical study of most major ancient authors, and those who go against the dead weight of classical traditionalism tend either to be apologetic, like Professor Dodds introducing *The Greeks and the Irrational*, or, when not actually Marxist, somewhat shrill and intemperate, as is Professor Havelock in *The Liberal Temper in Greek Politics*, a brilliant book half-ruined by classic over-reaction. In the field of ancient history these various factors combined to produce a paradoxically anomalous situation: the university or sixth-form teacher concerned with the growth of Greek democracy, the climactic period of the city-state, Periclean Athens and its aftermath, could not, until very recently, recommend his pupils a single up-to-date and comprehensive survey of the period that had any serious merit whatsoever.

Now, however, hard on the heels of Mr. W. G. Forrest's sparkling and irreverent monograph *The Emergence of Greek Democracy* (has any previous classicist succeeded in being not only hard-headed but also *funny* about the Greek political-cum-economic scene?) there comes Dr. Victor Ehrenberg's magisterial work *From Solon to Socrates*, subtitled "Greek History and Civilisation during the Sixth and Fifth centuries". This book is clearly aimed at the younger student (its simultaneous publication in a paperback edition is much to be commended), while at the same time the copious annotation reveals how successfully Dr. Ehrenberg has striven to keep abreast of all scholarly literature in his vast and vastly controversial field. Furthermore, the historiographical programme which he outlines during the course of his preface arouses the very highest hopes. He had, he tells us, two aims in writing *From Solon to Socrates*:

> The first was to show the unity of Greek history in every phase, a unity of political, economic, religious and cultural aspects. . . . The other aim was not simply to give a narrative but to reveal the uncertainties of modern scholarship on many important questions.

No one could be anything but grateful for such a manifesto; the question is, how far has Dr. Ehrenberg fulfilled his own declared intentions?

As far as the unified interpretation of Greek history is concerned, one has to report, with real regret, that the answer is: hardly at all. The reader's doubts are aroused by Dr. Ehrenberg's assertion (however qualified) that in his view "political, military and social history must be the framework, indeed the centre, of any sort of general history"; intensified by his too-perfunctory round-up—inserted as the usual postscript—on sixth-century ideas; and confirmed in detail by his final chapter, "Know Thyself", a rag-bag into which is crammed everything, from science to tragedy, from the Sophists to Socrates, that conventional historiography finds non-assimilable. (Dr. Ehrenberg claims *not* to be writing as an expert "on works of literature, philosophy, science, or art"; one hardly knows which to admire more, his modesty or the cunny way he forestalls criticism.)

Where, one well may ask (beyond the most timid of juxtapositions in such respectably cultural sideshows as an essay on "The Age of Pericles") do we find that fundamental integration of evidence, that genuine return to a non-compartmentalized historical mainstream for which so many of us had hoped? This is not a mere matter of formal arrangement; it indicates a basic methodological attitude, and one very much at variance with Dr. Ehrenberg's declared intentions. If he has read Delebecque's remarkable work on Euripides and the Peloponnesian war, he gives no sign of it: he would probably dismiss such an approach as unsound, since his own concept of admissible evidence remains both narrow and conventional. He deals with Cornford's *Thucydides Mythistoricus* in a patronizing aside, and when he refers, slightingly, to N. O. Brown's "socio-historical interpretation" of Sophocles, he follows the phrase with a bracketed exclamation mark. In this particular case, as it happens, the present reviewer would side with Dr. Ehrenberg against Brown; but what matters, surely, is the underlying prejudice, *en principe*, which that little typographical comment reveals.

As far as method goes, indeed, *From Solon to Socrates* has much more in common with standard old-fashioned histories like those of Bury or N. G. L. Hammond than it does with the various innovating techniques developed by scholars such as Glotz, Hatzfeld, T. B. L. Webster or M. I. Finley, and by now, indeed, fairly widely accepted as an instrument of *haute vulgarisation*: see, for example, the remarkable "People and Places" series, where on external evidence these would appear to be editorially *de rigueur*. Dr. Ehrenberg's references to Glotz are conspicuous by their absence (an even more striking, but no less symptomatic, omission is Chester G. Starr's *The Origins of Greek Civilization*) and he is not above introducing a sketchy art-and-lit round-up with the words "This seems the right moment to say a few words about matters outside the political field". Dr. Ehrenberg clearly has the best of intentions, but the Aristotelian pigeon-holing system adapted for classical historiography still seems to exercise a tyrannical influence over him: it would be interesting to know where he supposes the boundaries of the political field to be drawn, the mysterious point at which art, science, politics, religion and all other conventional divisions of human culture suddenly separate out into non-interacting phenomena. The result of such an approach is just as one might predict: Dr. Ehrenberg's narrative lacks vision, follows an all-too-well beaten trail (with occasional daring little expeditions into the foothills), and, despite the masses of new and exciting material which it assimilates, contrives for long stretches at a time (as numerous students will testify) to be virtually unreadable.

This last quality (often, alas, counted as an anti-populist virtue among scholars) may have something to do with Dr. Ehrenberg's second declared objective, that of laying proper emphasis on the lacunae and ambiguities in our evidence. Here he has been far more successful; yet the very degree of success achieved leaves a lurking dissatisfaction behind it. Uncertainty should function as a background to, and check on, the formulation of original and (one hopes) incisive judgments; here, all too often, it produces a blandly qualified middle-of-the-road platitude. To confess ignorance is not the same thing as hedging one's bets. Between his earlier specialist works (often engagingly polemical) and the present survey, Dr. Ehrenberg's ideas have somehow got over-cooked, until their prevalent flavour resembles nothing so much as that of the Parsee's cake in the *Just-So Stories*, which, the reader will recall, got baked and baked until it was done brown and smelt most sentimental. The sentimentality is, *au fond*, the starry-eyed sort which one associates with Lowes Dickinson, Werner Jaeger, and (at a more popular level) Edith Hamilton; though Dr. Ehrenberg's formidable scholarship enables him to ride his Establishment horse on a pretty tight rein, many of the moral and political *obiter dicta* which he produces tend, inevitably, to be soft-centred. Of Cleisthenes we read: "Power was to him a means of creating the appropriate constitutional framework for a society on the verge of becoming democratic." How could a scholar with so much first-hand experience of ruthless power-politics come to write anything so naively idealistic? Did any politician, in any period of history—let alone an Alcmaeonid clan-leader—ever think remotely like this?

Somehow Dr. Ehrenberg seems, in Eliot's expressive phrase, to have had the experience but missed the meaning. The middle-class moral gloss he gives to his favourite characters (predictably, he likes Cimon better than Themistocles) is only one symptom of this malaise. Another is his obvious distaste for economics, a subject which he tackles on occasion, but less often than the occasion demands (absent, surprisingly, from his discussions of Solon's legislation and the expedition to Egypt) and which, one surmises, tends to jar on his strong sense of political and moral idealism. Here, of course, he stands in line with the Greeks themselves. When Isocrates observed that Megara, towards the Isthmus of Corinth, had become extremely rich despite the poverty of her land, he attributed this not to an advantageous situation for trading, but to the thrift and *sophrosyne* of her citizens: an anecdote which does much, one cannot help feeling, to illuminate the work under review. Dr. Ehrenberg, so acute on the detailed sifting of evidence, tends to fall back on high-minded clichés when discussing root causes: often, indeed, he does not discuss them at all. We are told, in fascinating detail, just how the Pindaric and Aeschylean concepts of Zeus differed, but not a word about *why* they differed. Could this be because Dr. Ehrenberg regards such basic questions as belonging to the province of mere speculation, and thus better abandoned to non-scholars? Or is he anxious to avoid any issues that might seriously challenge his idealized concept of the ancient world? Again and again we end some crucial discussion no wiser, in essence, than when we began it. Too often a really important phenomenon (such as the progressive swing from tribal to civic *mores*) is touched on, with maddening elusiveness, in one or two quick throwaway sentences.

However it is the platitudes which, cumulatively, do most to deaden understanding: too often Dr. Ehrenberg seems to be writing a kind of moral reference for scrutiny in the high courts of heaven. Solon's "moderate conservatism" is matched by "his absolute integrity, the clarity of his intellect, and the passionate fervour of his ethics". Such over-blown eulogizing, besides being at odds with much of our evidence, tends to defeat its own ends: the paragon it evokes strains credulity well past the limit. No clear picture of either the man or his legacy emerges. In this sense we learn more from one paragraph of Mr. Forrest than from Dr. Ehrenberg's entire chapter: honest respect does not necessarily imply genuflection. Worse, Dr. Ehrenberg's habit of moral exaggeration is balanced by a strong distaste for anything constituable as an overstatement when historical judgments are in question: this is to have the worst of both worlds with a vengeance. Of the period before 450

he writes. "It is justifiable to speak of an almost feverish Athenian activity in those years." That *almost* tells us a great deal. One remembers the English Prime Minister who employed the conventional gesture of striking clenched fist into open palm for emphasis - but never actually made physical contact between them. If the younger reader in particular finds *From Solon to Socrates* dull or indigestible, the main reason surely is that it contains so little that is challenging, so few animadversions that go to the political or religious or economic heart of the matter. On the other hand, some of the arguments which Dr. Ehrenberg employs to justify Pericleian expansionism may well arouse a very sharp reaction indeed, and not one which the author envisaged. On the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War he has this to say:

It is hardly justifiable simply to see in Athens "the aggressor". Her dynamism and expansive imperialism had the justification, at least as long as Pericles directed Athenian policy, that it was not an end in itself but went together with the aims of social progress and cultural supremacy. Against the conservative forces represented by Sparta, Athens was the champion of new and even revolutionary ideas

Justifications of *Lebensraum* though superior *Kultur* are all too familiar from recent history; but to find them enunciated by a liberal and highly distinguished academic exile from Prague (whether in the context of the 1930s or today) is, to say the least of it, disconcerting.

A few detailed criticisms may not come amiss after this somewhat generalized discussion. The campaign map of Syracuse ignores Fabricius's radical revision of Achradina, published more than thirty years ago and now generally accepted. There are far too many misprints, especially of proper names: "Pallixenus" for Callixenus, "Pharnabazes" for Pharnabazus, "Lipsokontili" for Lipsokoutili, "Pritchard" for Pritchett, and so on. (Perhaps Dr. Ehrenberg is not entirely responsible for these, since two particularly glaring instances occur on the back of the dust-jacket). Why cite Hasebroek for English readers from the German edition when a translation is available? To say that the Greek name for Al-Mina is "unknown" errs too far on the side of caution: the chances of its having been Poseidium are so strong as to at least merit discussion. The section on Sparta omits any reference to Laconia's iron-workings (though here Dr. Ehrenberg sins in good company). W. G. Forrest's suggestion that Cleisthenes may have juggled the distribution of Attic demes to safeguard Alcmaeonid interests is highly important: it gets no mention, even for rebuttal. To say that at the time of Marathon "medism" had not yet been invented" is a disingenuous piece of special pleading which (one suspects) attaches too much formal significance to the Isthmus Oath: even as late as 479, according to Dr. Ehrenberg, "there could be in this war no high treason as long as there was no Greek nation". Such a thesis might win acceptance from international lawyers; one can only record that the free Greek states themselves felt very differently. Why, to conclude, should attacks on jury-pay be mere propaganda? And if Dr. Ehrenberg holds that Athens had "no colonial empire in the modern sense", how does he explain the cleruchies?

With all its faults, *From Solon to Socrates* does undoubtedly fill a serious gap for the English-speaking reader, and possesses virtues which (unfairly perhaps) one would find more praiseworthy in a less distinguished historian. Dr. Ehrenberg's mastery of ancient sources and modern scholarship is beyond cavil: nothing seems to escape his vigilant eye. Scarcely a page, moreover, fails to provide some illuminating comment (often parenthetical) on Greek life and letters, the fruit of a lifetime's study and reflection. Long before Montesquieu, for instance, the author of the Hippocratic treatise *On Airs, Waters and Places* perceived the effect that climate and environment could have on history: Dr. Ehrenberg not only picks this up, but applies it, with interesting results, to his analysis of the Milesian philosophers. Often, and characteristically, he relegates his best ideas to a casual footnote. "In 1919", he admits, "I wrote a student's essay on Aeschylus in which I spoke of Eteocles as a man tragically caught up in the process of transition from one age to another". This essay sounds a good deal more exciting and worthwhile than some of the carefully inoffensive generalizations which have succeeded it. It may be significant that almost all the finest passages in *From Solon to Socrates* are those which concern themselves with art, ideas, and literature rather than history in the old-fashioned sense: Dr. Ehrenberg is far happier, one feels, viewing the Greek scene *sub specie aeternitatis* than plunging into the dirty temporal chaos of city state power politics.

Yet, in the last resort, this is simply not enough. Dr. Ehrenberg does make one or two gingerly concessions to modern opinion; he even admits that "it is possible to find some justification for democracy condemning Socrates", though in this context a much sharper analysis of Aristophanes's *Clouds* as specifically *social* comment would have been welcome. But too many vital issues are left hanging in mid-air, or blurred with mere grandiloquent generalizations. When we are told that what "united the two attitudes personified in Sophocles and Pericles, common belief in man's freedom and in the final goal of harmony", is it merely cynical to suggest that "I simplified, no doubt, by pression of the Samian"? When we read that all ch... *The Phoenician Women*, with exception, are "self-centred, concern for the state"... comment on this highly fact: instead, we are told play "is a problem for the of literature and only in a ... cral sense significant for the historian". Perhaps, after primme virtue of this book tant quality, the way it provokes discussion and ment. This, however, may apparent to Dr. Ehrenberg historians than to his undergraduate readers. latter's point of view, there more useful and stimulating to be found (if they search the notes than in the main text. Every major problem under review, together with to-date summary of current If *From Solon to Socrates* the imagination, at least provide a reliable *rude-mix* next generation of studen field of ancient history refusing to answer so many it may, with luck, drive them answers of their own.

Too happy by far

J. P. V. D. BALSDON: *Life and Leisure in Ancient Rome*. 463pp. Bodley Head. £3 25.

Dr. Balsdon has quite a lot of material to add to Friedlander, Marquardt, Carcopino and so on, and we know from his *Roman Women* how good he is at this sort of thing. He is still wondering about the women - what did they do for handbags and shopping bags? When they were pregnant did they think about the high mortality rate? And he is wondering a lot of things about the men and the children too and, if he can, answering the sort of question we want to ask about them. How much did people work and how much did they relax? Where did you keep your handkerchief?

Life and Leisure in Ancient Rome is extremely good value for money. Quoting snippets does not really do it justice because all the strands are woven into coherent discussions, but here follow some examples of its range.

At potheo-ses and inn- Vitellius every morning asked the carters and travellers if they had had breakfast, and gave a great belch to show that he had breakfasted himself.

Augustus did not bathe much in winter; he simply had an oihng, sweated in front of a fire, and then had tepid water poured over him.

An exotic vegetable dinner which Cicero attended made him exceedingly ill.

Guests were evidently at liberty during dinner to occupy themselves in ways which in the modern world would not be thought good-mannered. They could, for instance, write or dictate letters at table.

Pacuvius, legate of Syria, in the end of each night's revel had himself carried to bed with all the ceremonial of a mock funeral.

Whether a number of illnesses (especially skin-diseases, which were prevalent) were the result of undernourishment, research still has to discover.

Ancient writers knew of prescriptions for contraception. Most of these, however, were superstitious, magical, or, if neither, were, it appears, for the most part unlikely to be effective.

When the abominable M. Aquilius Regulus lost his son, he made a holocaust of the boy's pets round the funeral pyre: ponies, dogs, nightingales, parrots and blackbirds.

Tiberius kept a pet snake.

It is improbable that libraries were such havens of silence as the modern reader seeks. The ancients when they read to themselves generally read aloud.

When the younger Scipio was taken to see a young people's dancing class attended even by children of upper-class families, he could not believe his eyes.

All night-bars were called *pervigiles popinae*.

The general atmosphere of Naples was one of profound relaxation.

A prominent speculator, C. Sergius Orata, was the inventor of shower-baths.

In Ravenna, water always cost more than wine.

Demetrius of Tarsus (whose record survives at York) "under imperial escort" sailed out to the western isles off Scotland.

Marcus Aurelius set a limit of 135 to the number of days which were marked as festival days on the calendar.

Trajan marked the conquest of Dacia by 117 days of celebration in which 11,000 beasts were killed and 10,000 gladiators fought.

Irish wolfhounds, *Scottici canes*, were very popular for Games.

The charioteer C. Appuleius Diocles in one year alone won a hundred victories: the total of his victories, first prizes alone, was 1,462.

It was the preoccupation of the mime with adultery which persuaded that model city Marseilles (Massilia) to ban the performance of mimes altogether.

Augustus's wife, Livia, observed that, in the eyes of a sensible woman, men without clothes were so many statues.

Gladiators visited brothels; a *ludia* was a gladiator's moll. The graffiti in the house at Pompeii show that some of them had, or believed themselves to have, an irresistible attraction for women.

Bill from Aesernia in Samnium: "Pint of wine, bread, one *as*; other food, two *asses*; girl for the night, eight *asses*; hay for the mule, two *asses*."

The elder Cato, when he saw a youth of his acquaintance emerging from a brothel, said "Good"; when, a short time later, he saw him in similar circumstances, he said: "By 'Good' I did not mean to suggest that you should make this place your home."

In these last items sex rears its head after a fashion, but by implication Dr. Balsdon underestimates the role of prostitution, sexual perversion and appalling cruelty in Roman life and leisure. Being a genial man himself, he presents his subject in rather misleadingly jolly and cosy terms. Another possible criticism which he has met himself, in his introduction: we have far more information about the rich than about the poor. But that does not necessarily deform the picture, because the rich made history more obviously and thoroughly than they do now.

Dr. Balsdon has given us a wonderful account of them and, so far as possible, of other classes as well. With characteristic modesty he points out what he has not tried to give, and what he hopes that someone else will: "a good book on what may be called the spiritual side of their civilization, about their outlook on living, has yet to be written".

Too hard by half

MICHAEL GRANT: *Julius Caesar*. 271pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 10s.

Once a "lecture illustrated by slides" was a matter of a bumbling lecturer and a single screen. Now, on the principle "out of sight, out of mind", there are liable to be two or more screens. The new-look book borrows the technique. There is the bumbling lecturer in print; his letter-press is accompanied by a succession of exciting pictures (as it were, on one screen) and by other important memoranda (as it were, on others). Dates, for instance, are on a screen of their own; for it seems that the fair countenance of historical writing is disfigured by dates, as if they gave history a kind of chicken-pox. So there is a dates table at the start of the book (the second screen). "Caesar at the age of fourteen", you read in the text. When was that? Look back to the date screen: "Born in 100 B.C." This, it seems, is simpler and more elegant in the modern idiom (than writing: "Caesar at the age of fourteen in 86 B.C.").

Relationships, too, must have a screen to themselves, for relationships involve the names of people and proper names also disfigure a historical text as with some sort of pox. Look at the genealogical tables at the end of the book (Screen 3). But, alas, they will not give you complete satisfaction, for even in genealogical tables, it appears, the proper name is out of fashion. Instead one is confronted by a kind of algebra. Servilia's parents ? m. - f. ? m. The left-hand m. was the son of m. The right-hand m., it seems, had no father. The equation on the left produced Servilia. The equation on the right produced an f. who = Ahenobarbus. The heading is "The Family of Cato", who himself appears in capitals but without origins: he has not an m. or an f. to his name.

The first screen has the real entertainment value—in the case of this book a series of really splendid photographs of the Glory that was Rome at one time or other and of Renaissance pictures of the triumph and murder of the Dictator. The last have direct relevance. The former have not. On the page dealing with the murder of the Catilinarians you might expect a picture of the gaol where their necks were broken, the Tullianum; but no, the accompanying picture is of a bath-house in Corinth.

Lastly the bumbling lecturer who, in this case, being Professor Grant, is not bumbling at all, but clear, forthright, absorbingly interesting. His Caesar is in the modern determined, cruelly ruthless, never free from financial embarrassment, wondering at the ... the next sesterce is coming ... the end where the next sesterces are to be found ... though Professor Grant, as a polymath, is not himself ... in this period of history ... where its coinage is concerned ... evident in every sentence that ... read and evaluated the ... those who are.

That kind-hearted man Bevin once said of a senior civil servant in his Department ... knew her ruthless duty, ... woman's too "arid", and ... Grant's book, like its subject, ... and harsh. His late Republic ... world in which Caesar ... any of the other protagonists ... prey of indecision or doubt ... cannot imagine that in an ... any of them would have ... tured by the question, "Which ... course, will never have resolved ... or to try to answer the question ... Cicero, on the other hand ... asking it incessantly in his letters. Caesar's genius is hard ... recognized: his speed of ... thought, speed in action, his ... his brilliance as a writer. ... Professor Grant he had no ... side. His "(Clemency)" ... Cicero at first believed ... opportunism and nothing more ... tribute which he paid in the ... *War* to that constant thorn ... flesh, Bibulus, was no more than ... brief but gentlemanly ... notice".

Michael Grant's translation of *Selected Political Speeches of Cicero* (335pp. Penguin. 10s) contains ... speeches. Four were delivered before the Senate (the ... fourth orations against ... the encomium of Marcellus ... the first Philippic); three ... the Assembly (on the command of ... Pompeius, the second and ... orations against Catiline); and ... in the law courts (the defence of ... Archias, Caelius and Milo). In his introduction Professor Grant ... admirably fair picture of ... preeminence as an orator ... universally admitted than ... liveness as a man; and ... have to take for granted ... famed *ubertas* of Cicero's ... may well get more enjoyment ... better idea of the orator ... limes from copious drafts ... lively translation than ... their schooldays struggled ... through a depressing ... tity of the original ...

Two views of Hofmannsthal

GERHART PICKERODT: *Hofmannsthals Dramen. Kritik ihres historischen Gehalts*. 283pp. Stuttgart: J. B. Metzler. DM 34.

MANFRED HOPPE: *Literatentum, Magie und Mystik im Fruhwerk Hugo von Hofmannsthals*. 140pp. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter. DM 32.

The theoretical framework for Gerhart Pickerodt's analysis, *Hofmannsthals Dramen*, is, on his own admission, an amalgam (or is it mixture?) of Hegel, Lukács, Adorno, Walter Benjamin and Peter Szondi. Pickerodt starts from the assumption that the content of a literary work is objectively present in it as interplay of its historically conditioned subject-matter and the possibilities of a particular literary form. For him it is this dialectic which creates the work as embodiment of the historical process ("erscheinende Idee der Geschichte"). And to apply "Kritik" to the individual work is to assess its quality in terms of the stringency with which the work formalizes the historical constellation "implicit at its outset.

A major difficulty in reading his book apart from its emulation of Adorno's muscle-bound abstraction is that this perspective, whatever precisely we are to understand by it, is not kept in view. We are given re-creations of characters and shapes of plots; we take issue on points of interpretation with previous critics, like Richard Alewyn, Emil Staiger, William Kelly, Lothar Wittmann; we consult biographical evidence, as he appeals to *Ad me ipsum*; all this, the reader is uncertain where things are leading. Every so often, the "historical content" makes a brief appearance. For example, in *Der Abenteurer und die Sängerin*, the adventurer's image of himself as the empty bucket descending into the darkness of the well suggests that "he appears to have gained insight . . . into the historical decline of the adventurer-type". It is, indeed, possible that the work conceals such a "historical content", but can it be true in this context that the adventurer's view of himself also does so? Pickerodt makes the character sound as though he, too, has been reading up on historicism. Similarly, the plays are treated as though they were themselves a historical discussion of the concrete form in which they exist as drama. Certainly, Peter Szondi in his *Theorie des modernen Dramas* tells us that Ibsen's protagonists die for lack of an epic narrator. But this apparent confusion of the action with the artistic problems of the writer is here more legitimate. Szondi is not concerned with the works per se, but with their ability as structures to exemplify his view of the historical development of a literary form. Is this kind of formulation logical in an author who claims to be writing not "Theorie" but "Kritik" of individual works?

Sometimes, it is true, Pickerodt attends to the business of "Kritik" and passes judgment on the formal appropriateness of a particular drama. He feels, for example, that Hofmannsthal has tried unsuccessfully in *Der Unbestechliche* to fuse a comedy of intrigue with a mystery-play. The condemnation seems initially to consist of a naive appeal to purity of genres; but reference to Hofmannsthal's "social false consciousness" points to the author's ideological refutation; presumably that a positive vision of feudalism in the multiracial Austrian Empire of 1912 accords ill with the actual historical situation? Whatever the precise disagreement with Hofmannsthal, the book does not put it in such terms. The author seems to be smuggling his own ideological standpoint back into Hofmannsthal's work as a "constellation of historical reality implied" and suggests speciously that the resulting shape of the work is "false".

Anti-Romantic de-mythologizing of an author and treating literary works as products of the social currents of an Age are the essence of modern Marxist interest in literature. An impressive account with this slant may well demonstrate that a literary work reveals the social forces of an epoch, or even, as Lukács avers in terms of the historical process, that "art awakens and keeps alert our historical self-awareness". But the desire to move from history to historicism back into aesthetic value is, as we see, fraught with difficulty.

Early in his book, *Literatentum, Magie und Mystik*, Manfred Hoppe remarks that all the logical constructions of the intellect remain powerless before the imponderable reality of the individual phenomenon. For this reason, his interests in treating of Hofmannsthal are to be the particular human possibility realized historically in the man, and thence the peculiar "rhythm" of life underlying the important works. His task is clearly the traditional exegesis of a literary persona.

The major part of this useful thesis considers the nature of *Literatentum* in Hofmannsthal's life and early work. If we already knew that the poet was terrifyingly well-read while still in his teens, we are here shown with final precision in what way art rather than life was his primary experience. Hoppe, indeed, characterizes *Literatentum* as a mode of being, in which life is experienced only in literary moulds. "Magie" and "Mystik" are then defined in relation to this mode of being: the former as the poet's partly life-enhancing, partly baleful power of conjuring his realities from a ferment of other men's words, images and styles; and the latter as a form of self-identification with the totality of things, an experience which the poet finally recognized to be aesthetic rather than religious.

The crisis of Hofmannsthal's early life is usually attributed to aestheticism, or to impressionistic disintegration of reality, or even to a historical crisis of language. Hoppe's documentation makes the culprit more specifically *Literatentum*, with its second-hand existence particularly disturbing to a would-be creative writer. But at the same time, *Literatentum* emerges, Janus-like, as the basis of Hofmannsthal's later quest for social and cultural values. A key-statement occurs at the end of the chapter on "Magie", where Hoppe concludes that Hofmannsthal never ceased (even in *Der Turm* and the posthumous fragments) to be a conjurer of the art of past ages. Here, as elsewhere in the book, we are asked to ponder the significance of pastiche as the essence of Hofmannsthal's work.

Set to music

NIGEL WILKINS (Editor): *One Hundred Ballades, Rondeaux and Virelais*. 212pp. Cambridge University Press. £3 10s.

Dr. Wilkins has compiled an unusual and original anthology which contains examples by many minor *trouvères* who must be strangers to most people. Acart, Cuvelier, De Caserta, De Noyon, Des Molins, Magister Franciscus, Grimace, Levcarel, Senleches and Trebor. It also contains verses by the musicians Binchois, Dufay, Grenon and Legrant. So rarely do these lesser figures compose a beautiful image, a well-expressed and telling thought, a memorable and harmonious line, a really come or a truly moving poem that they merely emphasize the considerable stature of Machaut, Deschamps, Christine de Pisan, and especially Charles d'Orléans, as literary artists. But these last-named poets are not seen in proper perspective because, without explanation, Villon is excluded. If Dr. Wilkins fails to achieve his declared aims fully (to provide a comprehensive anthology of the finest ballades, rondeaux and virelais from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and to show the development of these fixed-form poems) it is because he excludes Villon and the fifteenth century after c. 1460.

The reason for this, it seems, is that Dr. Wilkins has other important, undeclared objects which are admirably achieved. He wants to show clearly and decisively that there was not a gap in the *trouvère* tradition between Adam de la Halle and Machaut, that Machaut was not the last of the *trouvères*, that, for half the poets of this period, music played an important role in the finished product—perhaps the most important role. Did not Folquet de Marseille say that "a poem without music was like a mill without water"? Dr. Wilkins wants to show that the musical context of these poems largely determined their structure- line length, the number of lines, repetitions, rhymes and so on; and that the removal of the musical context had some notable consequences. These are Dr Wilkins's real aims. They have, it seems, often determined his choice of poems and his comments in the notes. One might criticize the poems, especially by the minor poets, for their relatively poor literary qualities while admiring the music to which they were set and which is often provided by Dr. Wilkins. One might criticize the notes for their lack of literary analyses, while admiring them for their wealth of technical information.

Not that all the minor poets' work is lacking in literary quality. There is Leseuret's fine virelai in which the poet sends his lady ten times more amorous greetings than it would take flowers piled up to reach the sky--and the acrostic, "Dame, Jehan de Leseuret vous salue". There is Senleche's moving, pathetic poem on the death of Eléanor d'Aragon. There is Noyon's witty ballade arguing that bad temper can inspire one to good works:

Puisque je sui toujours plains de fumee
Fumer m'estuet . . .

Quite a number of poems by the giants of this period justify the argument that sterile and artificial poems were only too common. There is Machaut's rondeau which begins:

Dix et sept, cinq, trese, quatorse et quinze
M'a doucement de bien amer espris . . .

The notes explain that these numbers relate to the letters of the alphabet (i and j are counted as one letter) 17=R, 5=E &c. This gives RENOP, which must then be shuffled and some letters repeated to give PERRONNE, the name of the young lady to whom Machaut paid so much attention in his old age.

Fortunately there is much to redeem these literary acrobatics, much that is really comic or truly lyrical: Machaut's "De toutes fleurs . . ." in its musical setting, for example, Deschamp's ballade on book-lending, and Christine de Pisan's "Doulce chose est que mariage". Alain Chartier's poem about the plant of love is a melancholy masterpiece of preciosity, while Charles d'Orléans so vividly evokes the happy restlessness of young love ("quant je suis couschié en mon lit, je ne puis en paix reposer . . .") and the weariness of worn-out old age ("le monde est ennuyé de moy, et moy pareillement de lui . . .").

Three modern schools

GUILLERMO DE TORRE: *Ultraísmo. Existencialismo y Objetivismo en Literatura*. 320pp. Madrid: Guadarrama. 100ptas.

This book consists of three chapters on *ultraísmo*, existentialism and the *nouveau roman*—taken from the author's much longer *Historia de las Literaturas de Vanguardia* (1965), in its turn a revised and greatly expanded version of *Literaturas Europeas de Vanguardia*, originally published in 1925. Guillermo de Torre is a distinguished man of letters, now in his late sixties, whose writing career has been divided almost equally between Spain and Latin America, though his publishers' claim that he is "the most important living Spanish critic" seems a little extravagant, his range of knowledge is impressive, and the present book is evidence of a lifetime's interest in experimental writing in several languages. As a critic, Sr. de Torre belongs to the Panoramic School, an approach which is not without dangers, notably in the difficult business of striking a balance between literary history and genuine criticism. His chapter on the *nouveau roman* fails, one might think, for this very reason: lack of perspective, combined with a largely positive response, causes him to go far too easily a tendency to, for all its limitations and inconsistencies, represents a serious attempt to restate the premises of contemporary fiction.

The chapter on existentialism, though not the best account of the subject in Spanish (translations of books by Iris Murdoch, Marjorie Grene and Philip Thody spring to mind) is much less open to criticism. Sr. de Torre's basic liberalism, with its plea for a "responsible," rather than a "committed" literature, enables him to see his way clearly through the Sartre-Camus debate (though his speculations on their literary ancestry leads to some distinctly sketchy observations on Dostoevsky, Kafka and others. For the benefit of Spanish readers, he has also tried to set the record straight by including sections on Unamuno, Ortega y Gasset and Antonio Machado. Though the affiliations of existentialism are notoriously wide, it is possible to detect a note of chauvinism here, at least in the case of Ortega, whose philosophy, despite certain conceptual resemblances to that of Sartre, seems altogether too genial to be discussed in this context. (In passing, one notes that English writing of the 1930s was "innocuous" compared with things across the Channel, a state of affairs which was apparently remedied by the advent of Rex Warner and James Hadley Chase.)

The remaining chapter, that on *ultraísmo*, is very different from the other two. Here, there can be no question of Sr. de Torre's personal commitment: not only was he one of the most active poets and theorists of the movement but, as editor of several of the most important Spanish poetry magazines of the 1920s, was able to observe at first-hand the aftermath of its original impulse. As a movement, *ultraísmo* only lasted from 1918 to 1922. Historically, it marks a break with the Modernism of the previous generation in favour of a more avant-garde conception of art based on Futurism and Dada. Its aims are the general ones of the time: the abandoning of conventional poetic structures, an emphasis on consciously "modern" themes, the replacement of anecdote and narrative by image and metaphor. Much of what Sr. de Torre has to say is of considerable documentary interest; it is only when one tries to judge the ultimate value of the movement that difficulties arise. On a theoretical level, there is very little to distinguish *ultraísmo* from the other "isms" of the time, whose influence was not confined to members of the *ultraísta* group. In terms of actual achievement, Sr. de Torre does not disguise the fact that most of the poems published in the *ultraísta* magazines are very bad, and he recognizes that those poets, like Larrea and Borges, who later achieved a serious reputation, did so only by moving in other directions. On the other hand, the general view, expressed by critics such as Dámaso Alonso, Gloria Videla and Sr. de Torre himself, is that *ultraísmo* forms the essential link between Modernism and the work of the 1927 generation of poets. On the whole, the poets themselves have been reticent about this: it seems doubtful, for example, whether the type of imagery which García Lorca uses in *Romancero gitano* is as directly indebted to *ultraísmo* as Sr. de Torre suggests. (If, as he later claims, Lorca was able to pick up some of the devices of surrealism "almost intuitively", is there any reason for supposing that his relations with *ultraísmo* were any more direct?)

Clearly, a great deal more research is necessary before one can dispute the authority of Sr. de Torre's account, which is now almost certain to remain the one substantial assessment by a contemporary. It seems likely, however, that there are certain truths which will always tend to escape the chroniclers of modern literary movements. As the novelist Saul Bellow has recently written: "Genius is always, without strain, *avant-garde*. Its departure from tradition is not the result of caprice or of policy but of an inner necessity."

For critics, collectors and Marxists

The Library Edited by R. A. Soyce. Fifth series. Volume XXIV, No. 2 (June, 1969). Oxford University Press. 25s. *The Book Collector*. Edited by Nicolas Barker. Volume 18, No. 2 (Summer, 1969). The Collector. 15s. *The Bibliotheck*. Edited by Robert Donaldson Volume 5, No. 4 (1968). Glasgow University Library. 10s 6d. *The Private Library*. Edited by John Cotton. Second Series Volume 2, No. 2 (Summer, 1969). Private Libraries Association

The June number of *The Library* opens with an important theoretical paper by Professor Fredson Bowers entitled "Bibliography revisited", which was delivered in a much abridged form to the Bibliographical Society as part of its seventy-fifth anniversary celebrations. The desire to refute certain arguments put forward in this journal has perhaps distorted the shape of Professor Bowers's paper, for though he concludes with a good discussion of the proper function of "degressive bibliography" and a set of principles for it which make admirable sense within his terms of reference, the earlier part of his paper carries less conviction. He takes the rather surprising position that descriptive bibliography is primarily intended for the collector, but subsequently he attacks the collector for his lack of concern for textual transmission. The attitude of Sir Walter Greg, who put textual transmission first and regarded bibliographical description as ancillary to this concern, seems preferable. As it is, Professor Bowers feels that the descriptive bibliographer should do a good deal more than the collector demands; and one wonders whether his *Principles of Bibliographical Description* was primarily written to serve the collector.

"Descriptive bibliography has reached something of a point of stasis", as opposed to the success of textual bibliography, and this situation is widely illustrated from the problems of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in which Professor Bowers is now deeply engaged. He shows how the bibliographer of Stephen Crane is at a loss because he does not understand the production practices of Appleton, his publisher. He shows that the bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne depends on the machine collation of multiple copies by the textual editor. He laments the lack of detailed studies of the Elizabethan printer that would aid both the textual critic and the descriptive bibliographer—and the list of such desiderata could be multiplied. Yet nowhere does he provide a satisfactory answer to the question why descriptive bibliography is static: is it perhaps that it aims at providing the perfect description on the basis of necessarily incomplete information? With such a title to his paper, one could have hoped for some such radical reappraisal.

The companion piece is Mr. Simon Nowell-Smith's presidential address, "T. J. Wise as bibliographer", which probes the origins of Wise's principles of bibliographical description sometime in the 1880s, and demonstrates how his failure to concentrate on the physical construction of books fas expressed in the Greg/Bowers formula) led him into error. But Wise's sins as a bibliographer were not limited to this, and Mr. Nowell-Smith can produce the apt quotation by which his own practice stands condemned on one point after another. It is a most urbane and scholarly dissection which yet succeeds in giving credit to Wise where it is possible.

The longest and most important of the bibliographical notes is from Mr. K. I. D. Maslen on the sizes of the 1719 editions of *Robinson Crusoe*. That each of the six editions in this year probably consisted of only a thousand copies is an interesting fact based on the ledgers of William Bowyer, the eighteenth-century printer: what needs to be pondered much more deeply is the general statistical evidence of edition size that Mr. Maslen presents from an admittedly small sample of the three years, 1717-20. This shows that a thousand copies was the most popular edition size, and universal for fiction, whether first editions or reprints; other editions were more often smaller than a thousand rather than larger. The larger editions included works by Farquhar, Gay, and Pope, but they were normally theological and educational works. (By the 1760s the edition size of novels, even for comparatively well-known works, had dropped to 500 or 750 copies—perhaps by then the circulating libraries were the major market.) These figures need to be confirmed from other surviving records; but if editions were this size at a time when there was a fairly large reading public, one wonders whether an edition of 500 copies might not be the average for the Elizabethan printing house. If early plays were published in editions of 250 or 500 copies, some of the assumptions made by analysts of their printing will need to be reexamined in the light of a higher ratio of composition to presswork.

The fourteenth "Portrait of a Bibliophile" in the Summer number of *The Book Collector* provides a pleasant surprise—a joint picture of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels based on a recent catalogue of their surviving books published under the auspices of the Institut für Marxismus-Leninismus in East Berlin. Apart from the range of Marx's own collection, there are stories of its history and vicissitudes and the patient detective work by which some 700 volumes have been reassembled—including, for example, early editions of Defoe and thirteen of the fourteen volumes of Hawkesworth's edition of Swift (1760-62) which Marx wrote to Engels, he had bought "für ganze 4½ shillings". Four of the plates illustrate Marx's heavy underlining and his marginal notes, which vary from the colloquial—"Well said, old Isaak Newton" to the Teutonic—"*This point* the with European common-places of Political Economy stuffed English mind mostly overlooks". Much more important, of course, are the copies of their own books and presentation copies from other socialists. Unfortunately many of the books on politics and economics have been lost.

After this treasured but hard-used working library, one turns with some guilt to Mr. James I. Walsh's "Notes on the Philip Hofer Reference Collection". No one needs to be told of the splendours of the Hofer Collection, but one is surprised (at first) to find that his copy of Bayle's *Dictionnaire historique et critique* was formerly Mme. de Pompadour's, that Nicolás Antonio's *Bibliotheca Hispana* belonged to Queen Cristina of Sweden (with notes in her hand) or that De Bure's *Bibliographie instructive* is in full red morocco by Derome le Jeune. Not one's usual idea of reference books, and Mr. Walsh is careful to say that there is a working copy of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* as well as a fine-paper copy in parts and the original boards. More important for the scholar are H. W. Davies's heavily annotated copies of the catalogues he compiled of Fairfax Murray's French and German books, as well as similar copies of two other works by him. Mr. Hofer can still surprise us.

Mr. James S. Dearden continues his detailed account of T. J. Wise's dealings with Ruskin; Mr. Nixon describes a binding by the MacDunnan Gospels binder and Dr. Ilse Schunke a Bolognese binding of about 1524 for a German student, Theodoric Spiegel. The news and comment is as entertaining and informative as ever, and there is an important leading article about the problems of controlling the export of manuscripts.

The main contribution to the next number of *The Bibliotheck* is "Circulating Libraries in the east of Scotland in the eighteenth century", by Mr. I. R. McDonald, which sets new information and hitherto unknown catalogues in Aberdeen libraries. Mr. Cyril Hunt describes "Scottish Music in the Robert White Collection in the University Library, Newcastle upon Tyne". Mr. R. H. Carnegie records the discovery of two new numbers of the lost *Glasgow Magazine* of 1770, and Dr. P. J. Croft publishes more discoveries in his researches in the bibliography of mathematics.

The Summer number of *The Private Library* contains two articles. Mr. Fairfax Hall-Smith, of the Stourton Press (from Leeds), but with a check-list to the day) is notable because he was assisted by H. Gage-Cole, a previously been pressman at the Kelmscott and the Doves Presses; the only do we get a glimpse of the tradition, but Mr. Hall adds a printing with an Albion press give an idea of how its results achieved. Though they are somewhat cryptic, they should amateurs re-examine the antiques. Mr. Roderick "Monckton Milnes and the Bibliophilic Society" is an account of what is little more than a name to most of us—bringing points out, because only a few copies of the fifteen volumes of *Miscellanies* were printed, that one can browse through easy to find. His article is also some to the search, if only for from Volume Six which has a wooden beam such as Jerome had of a printing press bearing date 1411 and the initials of Gutenberg.

Paper-backs

Titles in bold are original publications.

Art.—JOHN HARRIS and JILL LEVER: *Illustrated Glossary of Architecture, 850-1830*. Faber. 25s.

Biography and Memoirs.—The Alexind of Anna Comnena. Translated by E. R. A. Sewter. Penguin. 15s. JOHN GALT: *Clean Young Englishman*. Penguin. 6s. BRIAN MCCONNELL: The Evil Firm. Mayflower. 5s. KINGSLEY MARTIN: *Father Figures*. 6s. *Editor*. 7s. Penguin.

Drama.—EDWARD ALBEE: *A Delicate Balance*. Penguin. 4s. NATALIA GINZBURG: The Advertisement. Faber. 8s. JOHN HOPKINS: This Story of Yours. Penguin. 5s. LUIGI PIRANDELLO: *Henry IV* and other plays. Penguin. 6s. TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and other plays. Penguin. 7s.

Economics.—R. W. CLOWER (Editor): Monetary Theory. Penguin. 10s. J. K. GALBRAITH: *The New Industrial State*. Penguin. 8s. E. J. MISHAN: *The Costs of Economic Growth*. Penguin. 6s.

Fiction.—JOHN BROSSER: *The Squares of the City*. Penguin. 6s. PHILIP K. DICK: *Time Out Of Joint*. Penguin. 5s. BENJAMIN DISRAELI: Henrietta Temple. Panther. 8s. MARGUERITE DURAS: *A Sea of Troubles*. Penguin. 6s. JOHN GARDNER and DENNIS GUERRIER: *Sleep, and the City Trembles*. Panther. 7s. GRAHAM GREENE: *May We Borrow Your Husband?* Penguin. 5s. JAMES HILTON: *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Hodder. 3s. HENRY JAMES: The Turn of the Screw and other stories. Penguin. 5s. IVAN KUSHCHEVSKY: *Nikolai Negoreev*. Translated by D. P. and B. Costello. Calder and Boyars. 18s. FRITZ LEIBER: *Conjure Wife*. Penguin. 5s. JACK LONDON: Twelve Short Stories. Edited by Jeffery Tillett. Edward Arnold. 9s. DAVID LYSON: *The Paradise People*. Penguin. 5s. SHEPHERD MEAD: *The Unlikely Confirmed Rape of the World*. Penguin. 5s. V. S. NAIPAUL: *A House for Mr. Biswas*. Penguin. 10s. ROGER PEYREFITTE: *The Exile of Capri*. Translated by Edward Hyams. 6s. *The Jews*. Translated by Bruce Lowery. 10s. Panther. HERBERT READ: *The Green Child*. Penguin. 5s. RAYMOND ROUSSEL: *Impressions of Africa*. Translated by Lindy Foord and Rayner Heppenstall. Calder and Boyars. 18s.

Handbooks.—PETER LUTHY: English for the Office. Longmans. 30s. ROBIN MCDOUALL: *Cooking with Wine*. Penguin. 5s.

History.—A. RUPERT HALL: The Cambridge Philosophical Society: A History, 1819-1969. Cambridge Philosophical Society. 10s. CHRISTOPHER HILL: *Reformation to Industrial Revolution*. Penguin. 7s. E. J. HOBSBAWM: *Industry and Empire*. Penguin. 9s. WILLIAM RANSOM HOGAN: *The Texas Republic*. University of Texas Press. 22s. DAVID LAVENDER: *The Penguin Book of the American West*. Penguin. 21s. ALAN SAVIDGE: *The Parsonage in England*. S.P.C.K. 21s.

Literature and Criticism.—PAUL J. ALPERS (Editor): Edmund Spenser. Penguin. 10s. KATHARINE M. BRIGGS and RUTH L. TONGUE (Editor): *Folktales of England*. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 12s. J. A. BURROW (Editor): Geoffrey Chaucer. Penguin. 10s. JOHN CAREY (Editor): Andrew Marvell. Penguin. 10s. TERENCE HAWKES (Editor): *Coleridge on Shakespeare*. Penguin. 12s. RAYNER HEPPENSTALL: *Raymond Roussel*. Calder and Boyars. 12s. G. K. and S. K. HUNTER (Editors): John Webster. Penguin. 10s. THOMAS MALORY: Le Morte D'Arthur. Edited by Janet Cowen. 2 volumes. Penguin. 10s. each. FRANCIS MURPHY (Editor): Walt Whitman. Penguin. 12s. SEAN O'SULLIVAN (Editor): *Folktales of Ireland*. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 20s. JONATHAN SWIFT: A Modest Proposal. Edited by Charles Beaumont. Merrill. 18s. EDWIN WILSON (Editor): *Show on Shakespeare*. Penguin. 12s. GEORGE STEINER: *Language and Silence*. Penguin. 15s. GEORGE THEINER (Editor): New Writing in Czechoslovakia. Penguin. 8s.

Philosophy.—W. D. HUDSON (Editor): The Is/Ought Question. Macmillan. 16s. DAVID HUME: A Treatise of Human Nature. Edited by Ernest C. Mossner. Penguin. 12s. ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD: *Process and Reality*. Free Press. 38s.

Poetry.—Penguin Modern Poets, 15 (Alan Bold, Edward Brathwaite, Edwin Morgan). Penguin. 5s. EDWARD BRATHWAITE: *Masks*. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. PATRICK GLERSON (Editor): A First Reader of Contemporary American Poetry. Merrill. 25s.

Politics.—PIERRE AVRIL: Politics in France. Translated by John Ross. Penguin. 8s. LOUIS BLOM-COOPER (Editor): *The Hanging Question*. Duckworth. 15s. GERARD CHAUNDY: The Peasants of North Vietnam. Translated by Peter Wiles. Penguin. 7s. NOAM CHOMSKY: American Power and the New Mandarins. Penguin. 8s. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER: The American Democrat. Edited by George Dekker and Larry Johnston. Penguin. 6s. JOHN CRUMEY: Evolution to Democracy. Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. JACK DOWDING and others: Sit Down and be Counted. Dublin: Wellington. 30s. LOUIS FISCHER (Editor): *The Essential Gandhi*. Allen and Unwin. 15s. V. I. H. GRIFFITHS: The Universities. Penguin. 8s. DANIEL S. GREENBERG: *The Politics of American Science*. Penguin. 10s. PETER HAY: The Growth of Government Activity. Dutton. Longman and Todd. 11s. ESTHER MOIR: The Justice of the Peace. Penguin. 6s. THOMAS PAINE: The Rights of Man. Edited by Henry Collins. Penguin. 7s. MICHAEL ROSE: Computers, Managers and Society. Penguin. 7s. ERIC A. WALKER: *Trade Unions*. Oxford University Press. 9s.

Religion.—PETER BANDER (Editor): The Prophecies of St. Malachy and St. Columbkille. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe. 12s. 6d. WILLIAM BARCLAY: *The Master's Men*. S.C.M. 8s. A. R. BELBY: Education Through Worship. S.C.M. 18s. LESLIE DAVISON: Sender and Sent. Epworth. 20s. PIET FRANSEN: Intelligent Theology. Volume 3. Darton, Longman and Todd. 21s. ERNST KASEMANN: Jesus Means Freedom. Translated by Frank Clarke. S.C.M. 16s. JOHN KING-FARLOW: Reason and Religion. Darton, Longman and Todd. 16s. JÜRGEN MOLTMANN: *Theology of Hope*. Translated by James W. Leitch. S.C.M. 30s. P. D. OUSPENSKY: *In Search of the Miraculous*. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s. HAMISH SWANSTON: Jesus Now. Darton, Longman and Todd. Volume 1, 25s. Volume 2, 20s. D. P. THOMSON: Churches Under the Searchlight. Barnoak: Research Unit. 6s. E. W. TRUEMAN DICKEN: Loving on Principle. Darton, Longman and Todd. 21s. STAN WINDASS: Man Divided. Darton, Longman and Todd. 11s.

Science.—D. H. HOLDING (Editor): Experimental Psychology in Industry. Penguin. 12s. ALEXANDER LOWEN: *The Betrayal of the Body*. Collier-Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Publishers and Distributors. — Free Press (Collier-Macmillan). Merrill (Prentice-Hall). University of Texas Press: (American University Publishers Group).

Patriot or adventurer?

BUISSON: *Fouché, Duc d'Otranto*. 652pp. Bienne: Panorama. 27ft.

Madelin's character and career are well known, and his biographers are unanimous. He was at the heart of things in an exceptional turbulence and proof that his story is deeply with the stories of his countries and with the embarrassments of the literature of the Revolution, the Empire and the Restoration.

Madelin, who wrote what is the most solid work on Fouché, has arrived at the most acceptable judgment: the man was born totally honest, with an intellect and for his moral sense; and when the great crisis came, snatching the ideal ecclesiastical teacher from the classroom, it proved an pit of both darkness and light, showing not only the faithless politician and the shameless intriguer of boundless ambition but also the man with enlightened ideas. He concluded, however, that he had but one quality: disinterested.

The general consensus of opinion on whatever gifts Fouché possessed his character was defective. It always aroused disquiet, association with an unprincipled brilliance and corruption by the hunger for power. Napoleon's "only states-man" (the Emperor's own words) left behind many millions for ordinary men to believe in any idealism in this part. M. Henry Buisson's treatment of Fouché's life and career may nevertheless convince his readers that idealism and consistency may be found in them, to a degree not hitherto suspected.

Insight, skill and resilience enabled him to survive so many vicissitudes cannot be gainsaid. Served in the Convention for the death, struck terror as the Representative on missions in provinces, engineered the fall of Robespierre in Thermidor, conspired for Bonaparte in the 18 Brumaire, became the Minister of Police and the Emperor's most least tractable minister, found himself on Louis XVIII and, last office was taken from him, died as a wealthy, sought-after man until he died in his bed.

Madelin's massive thesis was first published in 1900 and M. Buisson has been able to supplement and sometimes to correct it. He has had the advantage of the later literature and also of new papers, sold at Sotheby's in 1960. He has also relied confidently on the Fouché memoirs, in which he is surely justified: their content and style are their subject's, and A. de Beauchamp, who is usually shown in library catalogues as the anonymous author, was clearly no more than the editor of Fouché's own material. The scholarship which M. Buisson has brought to his task gives a picture very different from Madelin's—a picture more intimate, more dramatic and painted in a new light.

The new light is Fouché's membership of Grand Orient freemasonry. While still in minor religious orders he was initiated in 1788 into a lodge in Arras, where he was teaching physics, and under the Empire he became a Grand Lodge officer. The speculative masonry of the Grand Orient could be squared, of course, with the professed and impassioned atheism which brought him into conflict with Robespierre; it certainly must not be confused with the ritual-bound, charitable and basically religious masonry of the English constitution.

The revolutionary idealist may well have found in the Grand Orient's proceedings and discussions a philosophical coordination of his aims and ideas. That the order survived under Napoleon (who was not a freemason, despite legends that he was, and who disliked masonry, as dictators have usually done) was surely due to the influence of such powerful masons as Fouché, Talleyrand and Murat.

The freemason was a natural enough development of the scientist and political idealist of the pre-Revolutionary period. In the great storm of revolution and counter-revolution perhaps he lost his way: men are not often their own masters, and when Fouché and Collot d'Herbois ordered the mass executions in Lyon they did what they had been sent to do. M. Buisson finds the Lyon episode the sole major aberrations from the philosophical consistency of Fouché's career. It is possible, however, that in seeking to explain Fouché in masonic terms, he has restricted his field of judgment unduly. It could be argued that another major concept governed his actions.

Napoleon, like Louis XIV, thought that *he* was the State. Fouché knew better. Always the man of 1789, he realized that the Revolution had permanently changed France, giving its state order a socialist character which had a viability far superior to the power of emperors or kings. One outcome of this realization was perhaps the notion that Fouché was the State, because Fouché understood it, but to the end of his political life he strove to preserve as much as possible of the grand metamorphosis brought by the Revolution. The betrayals, the cynical destruction of the Directory, the sacrifice of Josephine, the ruthless abandonment of the defeated Emperor, can all be seen as parts of the pattern of a determination to preserve an order that France needed more than she needed the individuals to whom he was by ordinary human standards bound to be loyal. His loyalty was to the new France.

Here many might say "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel", finding Johnson's apophthegm only too apposite, and perhaps the man who so icily implemented this abstract and complex loyalty against the claims of gratitude and fealty can hardly expect much sympathy from less rarefied mortals. Yet it is always the duty of the state to survive, where individuals can pardonably commit one sort of suicide or another, and Fouché seems to have believed himself to have been essential to the continuation of an order of things that had survived terrorism and imperialism, and could survive still under the restored monarchy. When simpler doctrinaires voiced their abhorrence and dread of a Bourbon return in 1815, Fouché said: "With good Chambers, good ministers and a good army, it would be the devil if we can't get the better of a crippled king, cretinous princes and idiotic, broken-down *émigrés*." In the context of this kind of thinking, even the executions at Lyon take on consistency.

Many authors and most people see nothing but selfishness in Fouché's life: a renegade cleric turning public confusion always to his own advantage, gaining power, wealth and a dukedom, dipping nimbly over the ruins of others' hopes and escaping retribution by his diabolical cleverness to the very end. Yet what is known as Fouché's private life is singularly at odds with this ravening monster. He had none of the vices that commonly claim those who have large opportunities to indulge in them. His sexual life was chastely confined to matrimony; he did not drink to excess; he did not gamble. Countless instances of acts of friendship are recorded in his favour. He hated making enemies. He often helped people in need. He was averse from ostentation, though he knew its value in a flamboyant age. His formative years were spent in the shelter of the church; he became a pupil at the Oratory's college in Nantes in 1768 and was an Oratory teacher until he was elected to the Convention in 1792. The mild composure which so impressed his visitors, the frugality, the mathematical logic, had become ingrained during the years he spent out of the world. He had no vocation for the priesthood and was a confrère in minor orders during his spell as a pedagogue. Some of his Oratory colleagues remained lifelong friends.

Fouché's official career is connected principally with the Ministry of Police, an office he held under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Hundred Days and the second Restoration. The word "police" was directly inherited from the Ancien Régime, when it signified particularly the maintenance of order in the capital, comprising many functions which in England are performed by local and central government agencies and by the judiciary. Fouché re-designed the whole police machine of France, reserving to his own headquarters the policing of politics, and constituting a police service which, while carrying on the usual business of the prevention and detection of crime and the regulation of public order, also acted as a vast intelligence network. The principle of its operation was the maintenance of the status quo, keeping the balance, neutralizing the extremist elements of right and left. "When one is in power, all one's skill consists in keeping the regime conservative."

M. Buisson, himself a former senior police officer and author of a much-valued manual, *La Police: son histoire*, has naturally given due weight to Fouché's police administration; the reader gets a vivid impression of the way in which he conducted it. The relations of the Minister and the other police executives are well described. It may be wondered, however, whether he has been quite fair to Dubois, the first Prefect of Police, in his account of the attempted assassination of the First Consul in the Rue Saint-Nicaise. All the credit is given to Fouché for the discovery that the conspirators were not Jacobins but Royalists, though the official report of the investigation, which was signed by Dubois and Pitis, Secretary-General of the Prefecture, makes it clear that the police work was done by the Paris force and not by the Ministry. It may be, of course, that this was yet another proof of Fouché's adroitness, making Bonaparte accept an unpalatable solution by putting it into the mouth of one known to be hostile to the Minister.

It is very much to M. Buisson's credit that he has reduced the police aspect of Fouché's activities to the right proportion. His study shows that the police work was only part of a much larger enterprise, an instrument not an end, and that Fouché was concerned always with France's wider destinies. Talleyrand remarked acidly that the Minister of Police meddled in matters that were none of his business; Fouché saw it otherwise, and would clearly have liked to have been Foreign Minister as well. His intelligence system was not limited to the police sphere, and extended to foreign affairs to a much greater degree than his responsibilities for counter-espionage required. His diplomatic initiative, which aroused the Emperor's deadly fury, was in the end surely reasonable. But Fouché was concerned always with future of France rather than the future of Bonaparte, and he had little sympathy with the military adventures dictated by an imperialism that was overdrawn on its nationalist account.

M. Buisson's study, richly documented and originally constructed is a valuable accession to the literature both of Fouché's age and of the part which salient individuals play in the evolution of states. It has been rightly reclaimed by the Académie d'Histoire, under whose auspices it is published. It does not (indeed, it could not be expected to) say the last word about its subject. Whether the Duke of Otranto was the supreme exponent of *raison d'état* in its best sense, or whether he was merely one of the most astute and resourceful of all political adventurers, will probably always be argued. M. Buisson has reopened the debate with a spirited and scholarly book.

Inform-ation, please

J. R. Ackerley. 1897-1967: selections and documents for an edition by Neville Braybrooke. 10 Gardnor Road, London.

François Charles Fernand d'Aubarède: Laon, Aisne, 1857, died 1940. Aix-en-Provence: any information, reminiscences, &c., for a study. Patrick M[illegible]

Le Moulin-les-Oliviers, 06 Vallauris, France.

North Atlantic Travellers: any information outside the scope of the authorities, for an illustrated international history of the North Atlantic liners. Oliver W[illegible]

The Old Manor Cottage, Herriard, Surrey.

"There's hair like wire coming out of the Empire": whereabouts of the music of a Music Hall song containing this line. M. P. Worthington

Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122, U.S.A.

Edward Thomas: any information, relevant letters. Afarin Dr[illegible]

The Lodge, Pierrepoint School, Farnham, Surrey.

William Wilkins Jun., 1778-1839, architect; whereabouts of any papers and documents, in addition of any letters. R. O. M[illegible]

47 Gordon Place, London, W8.

Sir Roger Williams, 1540?-1595, soldier of fortune and adventurer: Queen's generals: portraits or paintings and manuscript [illegible]. John [illegible]

16 Holland Villas Road, London, W.14.

Books received

Memoirs

MARY. *Worm in the Wheat*. John Baker. 30s.

Average farmers notoriously cling more to the acre than most men; they have to to survive. If what they produce is, in season, in over-supply they wonder. Their fate arouses French to anger—at the rich mainly, and an urban which refuses to pay higher rates to keep an ancient yeoman being. Indignation alternates with nostalgia for a rural which is never likely to be seen in its old attractive has little but scorn for and, one is inclined to the economics; her history, contemporary quotations, is but she writes well enough not to convince.

DENYS. *Picasso: The Blue and Rose Periods*. 96pp. Edited by Stephanie Winston. Free Press. London: Clematis. 57s. 6d.

Yet another volume devoted to the publicized youthful period of his work. There is nothing

Biography and Memoirs

DE ROBIEN, LOUIS. *The Diary of a Diplomat in Russia, 1917-1918*. Translated by Camilla Sykes. 319pp. Michael Joseph. £3.

Louis de Robien was a junior French diplomat who witnessed the revolutions of 1917 from the window of the French Embassy in Petrograd, and finally left Russia with his Ambassador at the end of 1918 from Archangel. His diary, which shows no signs of having been pruned or doctored in the light of hindsight, has both the merits and the defects of a contemporary record by a spectator who had little understanding—few foreigners at the time had—of what was going on. The details of daily life on the periphery of a revolution are not invariably interesting or significant. Trivial anecdotes, rapid changes of mood, hopes and fears, odd misapprehensions, some shrewd off-the-cuff judgments and others not so shrewd make up an agreeable, but not remarkable, book.

Botany

ROSS-CRAIG, STELLA. *Drawings of British Plants*. Part XXVI. 48pp. of plates. G. Bell. 16s.

This volume of Stella Ross-Craig's drawings embraces seven families in many of which the perianths are small and often inconspicuous. The two largest are the polygonaceae which includes the docks and the euphorbiaceae, with the elaborate inflorescence of the spurges. In addition, mistletoe, the fragrant daphnes and the sea buckthorn find a place. The drawings maintain the very high standard of the whole work in which special attention is paid to illustrating important diagnostic characters.

Campanology

INGRAM, TOM. *Bells in England*. 204pp. Muller. £2.

Mr. Ingram does not restrict himself to the bells that knoll to church but includes all sorts; the bellman's, the hawk's, and the cyclist's bell among many others; even bells used as trademarks come in for notice. Perhaps he allows himself rather too wide a scope, but he has brought together a curious miscellany of bell-lore in addition to his more practical chapters on change-ringing and bell founding. When he turns to the literary aspect, Donne is given first place among the prose writers, Tennyson, Poe and Ingelow among the poets ("bells unfortunately bring out the worst in poets"). As a Cambridge man, Mr. Ingram could well have added that earliest tribute to the Cambridge bells paid in 1521 by the Scotsman John Major, who says that as a student he lay awake all night to hear their music.

Classics

PINSENT, JOHN. *Greek Mythology*. 141pp. Paul Hamlyn. 25s.

Mr. Pinsent has taken a large number of stories both famous and less well-known from the wealth of Greek mythology, and arranged them chronologically in chapters under such headings as "The origin of the world", "The family of the Gods", down to "The Trojan war" and "The end of the Heroes". In tracing certain recurrent patterns, he shows the myths as a dynamic expression of Greek conscious and subconscious desires, and takes note of modern psychological and sociological interpretations. There are twenty-six plates in colour, and many black-and-white illustrations; the book is well-produced, and the price is relatively low.

Entomology

SIMON, HILDA. *Insect Masquerades.* 95pp. Muller. 25s.

Insects vary greatly in size and form, exhibiting different developmental stages in their life-cycles. They escape from predators and are concealed from their prospective victims in a variety of ways, often by some form of protective colouring. Hilda Simon outlines the way in which such colouration may have evolved, and later chapters describe traps which deliver food: such as the spider's web and the simulation of many different parts of plants on which the insect is resting, as is well shown by species of mantis. Some are protected by camouflage, their bright colour resembling another insect which has a sharp sting or unpalatable body juices, others rely on a bizarre appearance in which exceptional form and colour combine. The delightful coloured drawings by the author enhance the interesting text.

History

FITCH, MARC (Editor). *Index to Testamentary Records in the Commissary Court of London.* Vol. I: 1374-1488. 239pp. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. £5 12s. 6d.

Wills proved in the London Commissary Court, preserved at Guildhall, extend back nine years farther than those of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury; there are more of them for the earliest period, and they give a clearer picture of the testators' diverse origins. In this first of a series of indexes which will list the wills alphabetically down to 1700, there are those from the mid-fourteenth century until 1488. Among them are those of Elizabeth (1378), sister of Queen Philippa, and of James Boyet (1429) which mentions St. Paul's School perhaps for the first time. There are supplementary indexes of place-names and of occupations.

WILKERSON, JACK. *Two Lars of Barley.* 103pp. Royston: Priory Press. 15s.

As one whose family has farmed in the Hertfordshire village of Barley for two centuries, and who knows much of its past, Mr. Wilkerson has good grounds for undertaking the task of its historian. Artifacts picked up on his own land lead his thoughts back to the earliest settlement. He studies the written records and finds, rather surprisingly in this age of movement, that many local names recur down to the present day. For more recent history he turns to the recollections of older inhabitants. This pleasant picture of a rural community is darkened at the end by the reminder that if it is decided to site the third London airport at Nuthampstead, much of the parish would be destroyed.

WILLIAMS, J. ANTHONY. *Catholic Recusancy in Wiltshire.* 407pp. Catholic Record Society.

This detailed study is limited to one county and to the period between the Restoration and 1791, but though it has a local setting it is a contribution to the general history of English Catholicism. Mr. Williams inquires into what exactly the penal code amounted to, how strictly it was enforced, and how far Catholics were able to practise their religion. His discussion of these questions in relation to the clergy, the great Catholic families, and the humbler people is clearly based on much detailed research. An appendix lists more than 600 names of Wiltshire Catholics taken from the recusant rolls of 1664-1690.

India

VENKATASUBBIAH, H. *The Anatomy of Indian Planning.* 218pp. Bombay: Vora. Rs.16.

This short but brilliantly written and closely reasoned book is a good example of the critical spirit which informs much Indian economic writing today, and is in part at least a reaction against Nehru's conviction that the capture of political power enables the captors to transform society at will. It is now being realized that the Marxist theories which governed his thinking are in fact applicable to societies which have experienced both secularization and the industrial revolution, and not to India—where social and economic policies are still bound up with traditions which are religious in origin and where the industrial revolution has still to take place. The result has been an obsession with the public sector at the expense of the private sector, which has been hindered in various ways from making its appropriate contribution. The author has analysed the general course of Indian planning as shown in the first three Five-year Plans. He finds that there has been a failure to grasp the proper place of the public sector as a factor in encouraging the industrial revolution because of certain defects which he examines in detail. He further analyses the various influences which foreign aid has exercised on economic development, distinguishing between that given by the communist countries and by the West. This is a first-rate book and deserves to be widely read.

Music

SONNECK, OSCAR GEORGE THEODORE. *The Star Spangled Banner.* 115pp. New York: Da Capo Press. $10.

Oscar Sonneck, who was Chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress and a pioneer of musicology in America, died in 1928. One of his researches was into the history of the national anthem of the United States, and he originally published this book, which is now reprinted in the "Da Capo Press Music Reprint Series", in 1914. In view of the interest of the subject to American citizens and to British historians of national, traditional and folk music, it is all to the good to have it made easily available once more. Sonneck collected his facts in a report for the Library of Congress and subsequently expanded the report to include all that was known about the song. This reprint is provided with reproductions of the manuscript, broadside, and newspaper versions of the words, and early versions of the tune—one of which is (wrongly) attributed to Dr. Samuel Arnold. Altogether this book is a fine piece of bibliographical research.

WESTRUP, J. A. *Schubert Chamber Music.* 63pp. MACDONALD, HUGH. *Berlioz Orchestral Music.* 64pp. B.B.C. Publications. 5s. each.

Small monographs, like those of the B.B.C.'s current series, used to be "Pilgrims", now they are "Guides". But whatever their designation, such commentaries, mainly analytical, on specific categories of music are still useful to the student and to the amateur who wants to gain an insight into the workings of composers' minds. In Sir Jack Westrup's commentary, Schubert's use of key relationships—which accounts for his individual use of the principle of sonata form—is the central theme of an account which also usefully clarifies the chronology and the puzzles presented by the numerous unfinished works. It is illuminated by cross-references to the songs, the piano and orchestral music. Mr. Macdonald's book on the overtures, marches and symphonies of Berlioz has a valuable introduction on his orchestration but no formal discussion of the aesthetics of programme music. However, the literary sources of the several works are fully set out, as also are the interactions of his mental and physical [illegible] tive life. Both books [illegible] trated with music ex[illegible]

Natural History

WILSSON, LARS. *My [illegible]* 154pp. Souvenir Pr[illegible]

Lars Wilsson has tak[illegible] the beavers' lodge as [illegible] highly sophisticated art[illegible] ménage. In Sweden [illegible] these creatures [illegible] several years and e[illegible] some certainty their [illegible] viour patterns, which [illegible] by being humanized [illegible] success at rearing be[illegible] tivity enables him to d[illegible] hand their charm; the [illegible] building dams and [illegible] intense interest to [illegible] selves and one anxi[illegible] agility in water and th[illegible] tion on land. The b[illegible] anecdotes, and the [illegible] excellent photograp[illegible] author.

Pastimes

STEPHENS, WILSON. *The Bedside Book.* 256pp.

The first *Field Bedside* [illegible] lished two years ago, p[illegible] lar it was reprinted thre[illegible] are plenty of good thi[illegible] ond collection of article[illegible] poems, all taken from [illegible] *Field* appearing during [illegible] years. Catching a pike [illegible] eve with a goldfish p[illegible] present for Aunt Flo[illegible] an au pair girl to dou[illegible] man from the river, [illegible] umbrella to get rose[illegible] down from a tree, rea[illegible] dismantled rifle from [illegible] with a magnet—the [illegible] things, to whet a bo[illegible] man's appetite, could be [illegible] ded; and there are do[illegible] trations by B. S. Bir[illegible]

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

Librarians

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOLTON

APPLICATIONS are invited from Ba[illegible] for the post of SENIOR ASSISTANT THE[illegible] Salary Scale £1,095 to £1,310 [illegible]

Bolton Borough Libraries [illegible] Library Headquarters, Civic Centre, [illegible] Bolton, Lancs.

An Equal Opportunity Employer. [illegible] H. Robson to be returned by 17th [illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST [illegible] LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

The holder of this post will be head [illegible] Exchange Unit in the Library, and [illegible] duties with other Library [illegible] Previous experience [illegible] Salary £1,095 to £1,310 per annum [illegible] Superannuation.

Further particulars and application [illegible] Librarian, Library, University of Bradford, Bradford, Yorkshire, BD7 1DP, [illegible] Bradford Building [illegible] Telephone Bradford [illegible] 274.

THE BRITISH OXYGEN COMPANY

[illegible] ASSISTANT to work in the [illegible] Library of their Head Office, in Hammersmith, Duties will include assisting staff with [illegible] and maintenance of the library, [illegible] and indexing, and some [illegible] work. There is a reasonable job [illegible] working in a small friendly department [illegible] Salary according to age and experience [illegible] £1,095 per annum. Superannuation [illegible] Applicants should be aged 20 to [illegible] 25, have passed G.C.E. O level [illegible] English Language and Mathematics and Book Construction or Housecraft [illegible] Preference should be given to those who have had at least 2 years [illegible] Applicants should have good [illegible] Applications should be addressed [illegible] Personnel Department, Hammersmith House, London, W.6.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF MANAGEMENT

requires JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT to work in the Information [illegible] Library. Duties include [illegible] Minimum educational [illegible] Preference will be given to candidates with previous library experience. Salary [illegible] will be paid up to 23 years of age between £705 and £850 per annum according to age and experience. Good working conditions, luncheon vouchers, three weeks' annual holiday. Applications should be made to Staff Officer, British Institute of Management, Management House, 22 Bruton Place, Bruton Street, W.1. 01-493 1483.

CAERNARVONSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARIAN at the County Scale Libraries Special Scale (£1,310 to £1,640 per annum), commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from Director of Education, Education Offices, Caernarfon. Closing date 13th November, 1969.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND ISLE OF ELY

EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY
HEADQUARTERS LENDING LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE

Chief Librarian required for the post of LIBRARIAN-INCHARGE, Headquarters Lending Library. Commencing Salary Scale A.P. 2/3 (£1,095 to £1,310). Preference will be given to candidates who have had general public library experience. Assistance with removal expenses and housing given in approved cases.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom applications, giving full particulars of education, qualifications, experience, present post, grade and salary, and the names of 3 referees, should be sent to whom reference may be made, should be sent to reach him by 14th November, 1969.

THE CITY UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

This new post will provide opportunity for gaining a wide experience in development and library and studentship completed (subject to final examinations in December will be considered.

Library experience is desirable and professional and/or academic qualifications an advantage.

Salary according to experience and qualifications will be within the range £1,245 to £1,785 for adults, including London allowance.

Contributory pension scheme.

Applications may be obtained from the Librarian, The City University, St. John Street, London, E.C.1. Completed application forms should be returned not later than 14th November, 1969.

THE CITY UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Required in the Cataloguing Section of the University Library. Five G.C.E. passes at 'O' level or the equivalent are required.

Typing ability is essential and some cataloguing experience would be an advantage.

Salary scale rising to £1,225 per annum, entry point is determined by age, experience and qualifications.

Applications giving full particulars to the Librarian, The City University, St. John Street, London, E.C.1, by 14th November, 1969.

BOROUGH OF ELLESMERE PORT

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post from persons with suitable qualifications and experience in Public Librarianship.

Salary Scale A.P. 2/3, £1,095 to £1,640. Commencing Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. The provision of housing accommodation will be considered in appropriate cases.

Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Civic Way, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, by 7th November, 1969. Canvassing disqualifies.

R. J. BRIGHT, Town Clerk and Chief Executive Officer.

ESSEX

ST OWEN'S COLLEGE
Marine Parade, Clacton-on-Sea

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following appointments for the new Higher Education College:

(1) TUTOR LIBRARIAN. Graduate and Chartered Librarian qualifications required. Salary: Senior Lecturer, Pelham Scale.

(2) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Chartered Librarian qualifications required. Salary, A.P. 2/3(b), £1,310 to £1,775. Assistant with removal expenses will be considered.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal.

BOROUGH OF GOOLE

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from persons holding the A.L.A. Diploma and qualified on A.P. Grade 2. A new library building was opened in Goole. The post offers an excellent opportunity for a young qualified librarian to gain experience in an expanding library service. Convincing evidence of ability to emphasise must make whether they are qualified to act as member or senior officer of the Council.

The appointment is subject to a medical examination for the purposes of the Superannuation Acts and to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service.

Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and previous experience and naming two referees to me by 17th November, 1969.

M. H. SINDELL, Town Clerk,
Municipal Offices, Goole.

BOROUGH OF GUILDFORD

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Salary: Librarian's Grade 1(a)(b) to £1,336 per annum.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above mentioned POST from librarians with experience and Library Association qualification.

Applications, including the names of two referees, should reach the Librarian, Guildford Library, North Street, Guildford, not later than Saturday, 15th November, 1969.

H. C. WELLER, Town Clerk.

HALIFAX COUNTY BOROUGH

BRANCH LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Branch Librarian at Halifax. The salary will be on Librarian Scale—entry point according to qualifications and experience. The appointment is subject to the provisions of the National Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authority Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical staff.

Applications, giving appropriate details of qualifications and experience, and including the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than November 7 to the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Halifax.

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL

KENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
DEPUTY LIBRARIAN
STUDENTS LIBRARY AT HERNE BAY

Applications invited from Chartered Librarians aged 30 years or over. Salary Payment of disturbance allowance (75 per cent of costs limited up to a maximum of £125) may be made to a married man, or single man with dependent relatives resident with him.

Particulars and application forms from the County Librarian, Springfield, Maidstone, to whom completed forms should be returned by 18th November.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

DIVISIONAL LIBRARIAN
ORRELL DIVISIONAL LIBRARY

Salary A.P. 2 £1,540 to £1,775. Removal and/or disturbance allowance possible where appropriate.

Qualifications, Chartered Librarian. Salary starting point according to qualifications and experience.

Appointment superannuable and subject to certificate of fitness.

Applicants, naming two referees to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, PR1 8RH, by 7th November.

CITY OF LONDON LIBRARIES

CATALOGUER

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of CATALOGUER. Open Scale Salary to be on Corporation of London scale £1,305 to £1,640 per annum according to qualifications and experience. The successful candidate will be responsible for cataloguing and classifying all books added to the City Lending Library and City Business Library.

Further particulars and application forms from Principal Lending Librarian, Guildhall Library, London, E.C.2, to reach him not later than 8th November, 1969.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

The Institute of Education will shortly have two vacancies for LIBRARY ASSISTANTS. One position is between the National Textbook Department and the second is in the Reference Collection. Both are in the Acquisitions Department and the main duties are concerned with filing in stock desks. Competent typists are essential for both positions. Salary on the grade £560 by £45 to £605 by £50 to £655, or £710 by £60 to £840 by £50 to £890.

Applications to be sent within two weeks of the date of this advertisement to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, London, W.C.1.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY

LIBRARY SERVICES

CHAMPION'S RECORD LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced librarians for the above post. Salary A.P. 2, £1,185 to £1,640 per annum.

Closing date for applications 14th November, 1969.

Forms of application from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Mare Street Hackney, E.8.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced LIBRARIANS for the above POST. Salary A.P.2, £1,185 to £1,640. Closing date for applications 8th November, 1969.

Forms of application obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Mare Street, E.8.

LONDON BOROUGH OF REDBRIDGE

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

Required, suitably qualified person for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, salary A.P. 2 £1,185 to £1,640 per annum including London Weighting. Applications will be considered according to qualifications and experience.

Full particulars and application form may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Oakfield Road, Ilford, Essex, to whom applications must be returned by the 8th November, 1969.

BOROUGH OF MIDDLETON

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN'S GRADE £1885-£1,310

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST from suitably qualified persons. Commencing salary according to age in accordance with qualifications and experience.

The appointment will be subject to the N.J.C. Scheme of Conditions of Service and to the passing of a medical examination.

Middleton is situated six miles north-east of Manchester and has a population of 59,000. There is a central library and nine part-time and two full-time branches.

Duties of the senior assistant can include chief of readers' advisor, cataloguing, preparation of publicity material, relief work in the reference library, &c.

Applications, with the names of two referees, must be received by the Borough Librarian, Civic Centre, Middleton, Manchester, M24 1AZ, not later than Monday, 10th November, 1969.

NORFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at Thetford Branch Library. Chartered Librarians minimum £1,185 to maximum £1,540, partially qualified assistants minimum £1,035 to maximum £1,185. Thetford is a rapidly expanding town and a new branch library will be opened in January, 1970.

Grant towards removal expenses.

Forms of application from the Chief Education Officer to be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

F. LINCOLN RALPHS, Chief Education Officer.
Education Department, County Hall, Martineau Lane, Norwich, NOR 49A.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM

SCIENCE [illegible]

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of SUPERVISOR [illegible] Desk in the Science Library. [illegible] appointee will be responsible for the smooth operation [illegible] but will also be responsible [illegible] which library staff [illegible] should be professionally [illegible] an interest in the work [illegible] and the appointee [illegible] Assistant Librarian Grade [illegible] minimum salary [illegible] tered Librarian is [illegible]

Further details and [illegible] Hinn, to be returned [illegible] from the Staff Appointments [illegible] versity of Nottingham.

REDDITCH [illegible] LIBRARY

BRANCH LIBRARIAN WANTED

An April vacancy [illegible] an exciting [illegible] tary. We are looking [illegible] to match the salary [illegible] area of new housing [illegible] people. The Branch [illegible] an opportunity to [illegible] also to play its part in [illegible] town.

We need a Qualified [illegible] to fulfil young people [illegible] Children's Library, [illegible] Applicants should have passes in [illegible] and an interest in library [illegible] Some typing skill or willingness would be an advantage.

Write or telephone for further [illegible] to Personnel Manager, 149, [illegible] Church Road, Redditch, Worcs. [illegible] Redditch 3141.

CITY OF SALFORD

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (CHILDREN'S)

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified Chartered Librarians for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (CHILDREN'S) [illegible] which will be vacant [illegible] 1970. Salary [illegible] £1,640. Housing [illegible] able to married applicants [illegible] the National Joint Council [illegible] Salaries and Conditions of Service [illegible] annuation Acts and to a medical examination.

Applications stating age and qualifications and [illegible] names and addresses of two referees must reach me not later than 14th November, 1969.

Canvassing disqualifies.

GEO. RICHARDSON, [illegible] Town Hall, Salford, Lancs.

UNIVERSITY OF STIRLING

LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS FOR THE POST OF LIBRARIAN are invited for a post in the Library at a salary on the scale £1,185 to £1,640 per annum. The successful candidate should be a graduate with professional qualifications. The post is [illegible] the project of building the library [illegible] be given to those who have had experience in the field of academic librarianship. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, University of Stirling.

Further particulars and application forms [illegible] Secretary, University of Stirling, Stirling, Scotland, to be returned not later than 14th November, 1969.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

Librarian

A vacancy has arisen at our Crawley Plant for a Female Librarian. Applicants must be an Associate of the Library Association or at least have passes in some parts, and preferably have a scientific or similar background.

The Company is part of the International Philips Group, and conditions of service are competitive with a progressive salary policy, annual bonus and a minimum of 4 weeks' holiday.

The MEL Equipment Company Limited

Applications, treated in strict confidence, should be addressed to the Personnel Officer (Ref: AG:L), The M.E.L. Equipment Co. Ltd., Manor Royal, Crawley, Sussex (Tel: Crawley 28787).

UNIVERSITY OF ZURICH

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Applications are invited for the post of a Full Professor (Ordinarius) or an Extraordinary Professor (Extraordinarius) in English Literature. Applicants will be required to teach six to eight or four to six hours a week (lectures and seminars) and should be capable of supervising coming examination papers in German. Teaching to be available from October 1970. Preference will be given to candidates with outstanding scholarly records. Salary scale from about Swiss francs 25,000 to 35,000, or 35,000 to 45,000. Personal salary will depend on qualifications and teaching experience.

Formal applications (three copies) accompanied by a curriculum vitae and a list of publications and the names of two or three referees should be addressed to Sekretariat der Philosophischen Fakultät I, Universität Zürich, Rämistrasse 71, CH-8006 Zürich, Switzerland.

Not later than November 24, 1969. Further particulars may be obtained from the above office.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON
New Zealand

SENIOR LECTURESHIP

in classics

Applications for this post are invited from candidates with preferably a special interest in Greek and Latin Linguistics or in ancient Greek and Roman Art.

The salary scale is from $NZ5,100 rising to $5,900 but, in certain circumstances $6,600; initial salary within determined according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation is available on an USSU Basis.

Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for an appointee and his dependent family, together with actual removal expenses within specified limits.

Further particulars and method of application should be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts.), 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Applications close in London and New Zealand on 31 January 1970.

Bookshop Mail Order Assistants Wanted

Knowledge of bookselling or librarianship desirable, clerical competence essential, plus lots of common sense and method. Good salary and prospects. Pension scheme, &c. Write in confidence to

Peter Stockham,
Managing Director,
Dilton's Bookshop,
1 Malet Street, London, W.C.1.

Lyons & Company Ltd.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Required for the Company Scientific Information Service of the J. Lyons Group. She will be responsible for filing journals and books, for looking up delays and queries, also for issue of loans and keeping related typed and written records.

Day week 9.00 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Others should have passes in [illegible] or GCE 'O' levels including English and an interest in library work.

Applications [illegible] with full details of [illegible] Church Street, Brixton, London, SW9 8JU. Telephone 01-733 [illegible]

THE GIPPSLAND INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED EDUCATION

An autonomous tertiary educational institution affiliated with the Victoria Institute of Colleges has been established in Gippsland, Victoria (Australia) to serve the total needs of Eastern Victoria. The institution is at present accommodated in the buildings of the Yallourn Technical College, Newborough, and incorporates the tertiary section of that College. A 100 acre site for the Institute has been acquired at Churchill, 100 miles east of Melbourne, and it is expected that building operations will commence early in 1970.

The Council invites applications for the position of

PRINCIPAL

DUTIES:

The Principal will be the chief executive officer and will be centrally responsible for the overall supervision of the institution, for advising the Council on academic, financial, staffing and administrative policy, and for implementing Council decisions. As a member of Council, the Principal will be expected to play a leading role in the development of the new institution.

QUALIFICATIONS:

Applicants must hold a degree, preferably a higher degree, in Engineering, Science or other appropriate branch of learning. They must have outstanding executive experience and organizing ability. Drive, vision and flexibility of approach will be essential to meet the requirements of this challenging position.

SALARY: $(Aust.) 9,900

(Rates of salaries in Colleges of Advanced Education are at present under review.)

CONDITIONS:

Assistance with housing will be provided and fares for the successful applicant and his family and reasonable removal costs will be paid. A schedule of conditions of employment may be obtained by application to the Acting President at the address below. It is desired that the successful applicant commence duties as early as possible in 1970.

Applications giving personal details, qualifications, experience in previous appointments, present position, and the names and addresses of three referees should be forwarded to reach the Acting President, P.O. Box 63, Newborough, Victoria, 3825 (Australia), before 31 December, 1969.

NEWFOUNDLAND PUBLIC LIBRARIES BOARD

CHIEF LIBRARIAN
CITY OF ST. JOHN'S PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited for this position in the capital city of Newfoundland. Services include 3 Branch Libraries, and a main library (opened in January, 1969) in an $8m. Arts and Culture Centre.

Qualifications: A.L.A., F.L.A. or equivalent. Considerable administrative experience. Responsibilities include stimulating the interest of the community in the library service and activities; developing and expanding the service, and supervising main and branch libraries.

Salary: $9,000-$10,500.

REGIONAL LIBRARIAN
CORNER BROOK REGIONAL LIBRARY

Applications are invited for this position from persons who have A.L.A., F.L.A., or equivalent, plus considerable experience in Regional Library work.

Duties would be to organize library services in this area of Newfoundland. Present services include 5 libraries and one Mobile Library. This is a new position, and the person appointed would have to be capable of organizing the service from the beginning.

Salary: $7,800-$9,300, depending on experience and qualifications.

Interested persons should apply to:
Director of Public Library Services,
Library Administration Offices,
Arts and Culture Centre,
Allandale Road,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

BOROUGH OF MAIDENHEAD

DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN

Salary AP IV-V (£1,540-£1,990)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. The building of Maidenhead's new Central Library is to begin February 1st, 1970. Assistance with housing accommodation, 50 per cent removal expenses.

Applications, giving full details of experience and qualifications, together with the names of two referees, should reach the Borough Librarian, Public Library, St. Ives Road, Maidenhead, Berkshire, not later than Saturday, 15th November, 1969.

STANLEY PLATT, Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Maidenhead

London Borough of Enfield

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

Senior Assistant Librarians

Salary AP.2/3—£1,095-£1,540 per annum plus £90 per annum London Weighting.

Applicants should have A.L.A. or have passed the L.A. Part 2 Examination. Chartered Librarians will commence at a minimum of £1,310 plus London Weighting.

Assistant Librarians

Salary AP.1/2—(£885-£1,310 per annum plus £90 per annum London Weighting)

Applicants with L.A. Part 1 Examination commence at £1,095 per annum plus London Weighting.

Forms of application from The Director, Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield, Middlesex. Closing date 10th November, 1969.

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

Lecturer in English

The University invites applications for this position. Applicants should have a higher degree in some field of English Literature or Language. Other things being equal, preference will be given to an applicant with a special interest in eighteenth-century literature.

The salary for a Lecturer will be within the range $A5,400 to $A7,300 per annum.

The University provides Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U., housing assistance, study leave and travel grants for permanent appointees of Lecturer status and above.

Additional information and application forms will be supplied upon request to the Secretary-General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts.), 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Applications close in London and Brisbane on 14 November, 1969.

LIBRARIAN
at
DERBY AND DISTRICT COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Salary—Clerical Grade I £705-£850 per annum (starting salary determined by age, experience and qualifications).

Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Registrar, Derby and District College of Technology, Kedleston Road, Derby, DE3 1GB, to whom they should be returned by 7th November 1969.

EAST LOTHIAN COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the undernoted post:—

County Library Service

Chief Library Assistant for County Library Headquarters, Haddington

Salary scale for qualified Librarian—£1,135 to £1,540

Applications on the prescribed form should be submitted to me not later than Wednesday, 12th November, 1969.

County Buildings,
Haddington,
20th October, 1969.

JOHN MEIKLEJOHN
Director of Education.

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